THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, July 5, 1931

Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist Fish

Verses by Carolyn Wells

1

Miss Kitty's poise and hauteur didn't fail her in the least
When she appeared as mannequin to a chic French modiste.
She wore a costly evening gown, she sidled and she swayed,
And was by far the most admired of all the dress parade.

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2

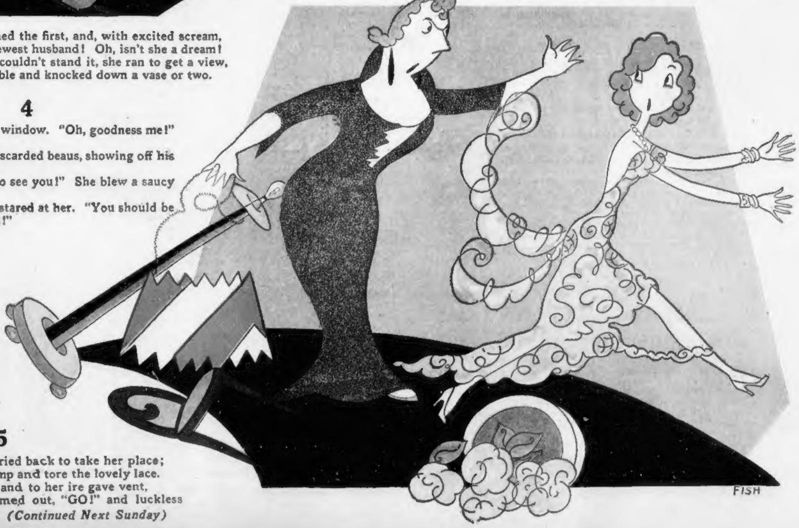
And as she took her mincing steps with supercilious air,
She saw one of the audience out of the window stare.
She wondered what the woman saw! She simply couldn't guess!
Vainly her cu-ri-os-i-tee she struggled to suppress.

3

Another woman joined the first, and, with excited scream,
Cried, "That's her newest husband! Oh, isn't she a dream!
They say——" Kit couldn't stand it, she ran to get a view,
Upset a chair and table and knocked down a vase or two.

4

She gained the open window. "Oh, goodness me!" she cried,
"That's one of my discarded beaus, showing off his new bride!
Hello, Jack! Glad to see you!" She blew a saucy kiss.
The haughty dames stared at her. "You should be reported, miss!"



5

Kitty came to herself and hurried back to take her place;
Her gown caught on a floor lamp and tore the lovely lace.
The angry manager appeared, and to her ire gave vent,
With blazing eyes she screamed out, "GO!" and luckless Kitty WENT!

(Continued Next Sunday)

Role of "Judas" in Passion Play Drove Him to Suicide

—On the Left—
Mr. Lithgow Osborne Who Was Called Upon to Substitute in the Play for the Man Who Killed Himself.

—And Below—
Ruth MacKenzie, Another Member of the Cast of Amateurs at Auburn, N. Y., Whose Version of "The Passion Play" Was Affected by the Suicide of "Judas."

A Scene From the Union Hill, N. J., Easter Play Which the Company at Auburn Was Practically Duplicating. Judas Is Shown Making His Bargain With the High Priests to Betray the Saviour for Thirty Pieces of Silver.

Alfred E. Hooker, Twenty Years Old, Who Took His Own Life on the Eve of "The Passion Play," in Which He Had Been Cast for the Role of Judas Iscariot. The Ignominy of the Role Is Believed to Have Depressed Him.

ALFRED Hooker was looked upon by many people in Auburn, N. Y., as the best amateur actor in the city. That's why he was chosen to play the difficult role of Judas Iscariot in the little Passion Play recently presented by a group of amateur players in the Second Presbyterian Church.

From the first rehearsal of the drama, however, he appeared to be upset. Sometimes he forgot his lines. He seemed unwilling, or unable, to put himself in the spirit of the betrayer of Christ. The coach, who knew the young man was an actor of more than ordinary talent, was surprised and annoyed.

Time and again, Hooker was commanded to play up to his part. "Remember," said the coach, "you're in despair—about to end your own life because of your betrayal of the Savious. Live it. Feel it!"

A look akin to agony would sweep over the young actor's face at these rather sharp criticisms of his interpretation of his part, but none of his fellow players realized that Alfred Hooker was living and feeling the role of Judas so keenly that he was tottering on the brink of acute meloncholia.

Twenty-four hours before he was to have donned the dark robes of the villainous apostle and stagger from the stage moaning his final lines: "Shall I enter into peace?" Hooker drove his automobile to a secluded spot near the shore of Lake Owasco, about six miles from town and—like the Judas of history—ended his own life.

The other members of the cast could not account for Hooker's uneasiness in a stage role which should not have been difficult for him to portray and they recalled, when they learned of his suicide, that he had reluctantly gone through his lines at the final dress rehearsal of the religious drama.

As a matter of fact, Hooker failed to show up for the final dress rehearsal when it was scheduled and a special rehearsal was held later for his benefit. He knew his lines, but all through his part he seemed to be in a melancholy daze and laboring under intense emotional stress. The moment the rehearsal was over he rid himself of the robes of Judas and hurried from the church. The only time that he seemed to be himself was when the young woman interpreting the role of Mary of Magdala in the playlet said to him: "Seek Him and peace."

The next afternoon, Hooker did seek his Saviour and peace, but in a shockingly modern manner. He parked his automobile in a rather secluded spot, removed the floor boards and attached one end of a short length of garden hose to the exhaust pipe. He gripped the other end of the hose with his lips and raced the motor. Deadly monoxide gas pumped from the engine into his lungs, and in a few swift seconds he was dead.

The tragedy was not discovered until several hours after the young actor's tragic end. His parked car was noticed by Arthur L. Smith, a former deputy sheriff, who was driving from Auburn to his Summer camp on the shore of Lake Owasco. On his way home, Smith again noticed the car and slowed down to take a look at the machine.

Slumped down in the front seat he saw Hooker's lifeless body, and the strip of hose through which the young man had inhaled the deadly fumes from the car's motor.

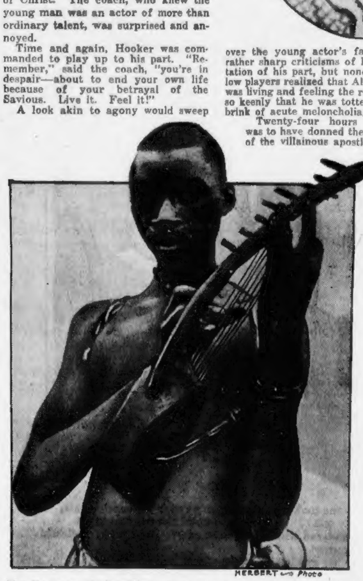
No farewell notes were found to explain his act, but the coroner, after a cursory investigation of the machine and the body pronounced death "due to monoxide gas self-administered."

Just why the role of the betrayer of Christ should have such a tragic effect on Alfred Hooker, who was only twenty-eight years old, is a mystery which probably never will be explained. But that the part in the religious playlet had a direct bearing on his death was apparent to every one of the other members of the cast.

In the final scene of the drama, Judas was taunted by a Roman soldier. Mary of Magdala, feeling compassion for the prostrate disciple, asked: "Hast thou done this?"

This question seemed particularly painful to Hooker during the last rehearsals of the play and whenever it was put to him, he stiffened and gripped the bench on which he lay. It was apparent to his fellow players that the young actor actually was suffering and not merely going through a bit of stage-play.

The little Passion Play was presented as scheduled, and Lithgow Osborne, president of the Auburn Amateur Dramatic Club, played the part which drove Alfred Hooker to follow the historic example of the man who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.



HERBERT — Photo

The Champion Ukulele Player of the Belgian Congo, Shown With the Primitive Instrument That Is Perhaps the Jungle Ancestor of the Popular Instrument Now in World-Wide Use.

Congo Ancestor of the Ukulele

THE native musicians of the Belgian Congo, in Africa, strum minor tunes on a curious instrument which looks very much like the ukulele, erroneously supposed to have originated in the Hawaiian Islands and, at present, enjoying wide popularity in this country.

The African instrument, which may or may not be an ancestor of the familiar "uke," is a primitive device for making melodious sounds which combines certain of the features of the banjo and the harp. Its seven strings are not placed directly over the neck of the instrument, as is the case with a ukulele, but are clear of the curved neck so that the player can twang them as a harpist plucks the strings of his instrument.

The "head" of the strange musical device is not circular like the head of a banjo, but roughly triangular. The long side of the triangle rests against the player's naked body. To keep the instrument from wobbling, there is a bar attached to the center of one side of its head. The other end of this bar is hooked to a bracelet on the player's arm.

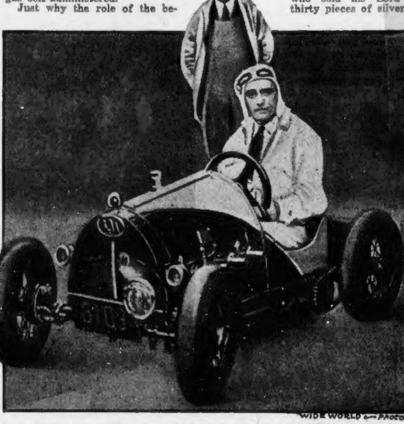
Explorers who have visited some of the jungle villages in the Belgian Congo say that this ukulele-like instrument is the most melodious of all musical devices found on the African continent and that it requires considerable skill on the part of the player.

The seven strings are not tuned to the same pitch as those on any instrument now in use by civilized musicians, but they always are tuned in a particular way and can be made to give forth a wide variety of pleasing chords.

Every village in the Belgian Congo has several skilled "uke" players who are prominent in most of the tribal festivals and rites. For certain tribal dances, as many as twenty of these instruments are massed in a sort of jungle symphony orchestra conducted by a black-faced, thick-lipped conductor who goes through even more vigorous calisthenics than the most emotional of civilized prima donna conductors.

The ensemble effect of many of these instruments played in primitive harmony is said to be strangely beautiful, although the result is like nothing familiar to the ears of civilized concert patrons.

The unmarried girls of the Congo are particularly susceptible to love-songs played on the native cousin of the ukulele and every young black who is musically inclined tries his hand at playing the instrument passably well.



WIDE WORLD — Photo

K. L. Moorehouse, of Detroit, and His Four-Cylinder Auto Which Can Be Taken Into His Office, or Into Any Large Room. The Photograph Was Taken on the Roof of a New York Building.

Walking Boat for Hunters

A "boat" in which hunters and fishermen can pursue the wary duck and the warier trout up deep rivers and across lakes has been invented by Charles E. Miller, a native of Indiana.

The photographs at the right show the "boat" supporting a sportsman in water up to his waist in depth, and as it looks when the wearer is standing on dry land.

The ingenious craft is a simple device, consisting of two circular rubber tubes, one inside the other, a pair of boot-pants vulcanized to the double tube and a pair of suspenders to hold the "boat" firmly onto the person of the wearer.

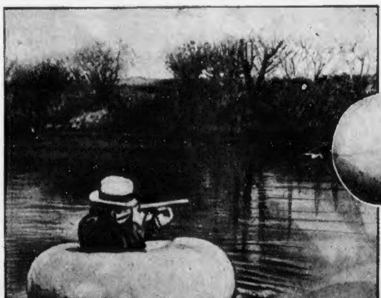
The whole outfit weighs only a few pounds and, when the tube is deflated, can be carried in a small bundle. It takes but a moment to inflate the doughnut-like tube when the hunter, or fisherman, wants to take to the water.

In deep water the "walking boat," as the invention is called, can be propelled in two ways. The occupant may use a short, light-weight, double-ended paddle, or have the back of the trouser legs equipped with fins which collapse when the leg is moved forward and open out flat when the leg is moved backward. These fins—one on each leg—exert a pressure against the water, and move the boat forward.

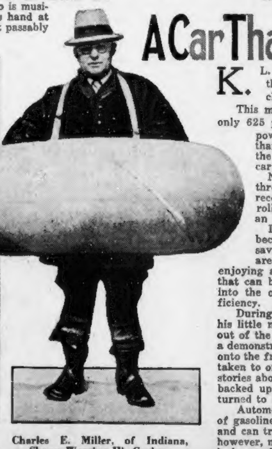
Two air bags are used, one within the other, so that the sportsman will not sink if the outer bag is punctured. The outer tube is 15 inches in diameter and contains sufficient air to support a 200-pound man. The hole in the center of the circular tube is 20 inches in diameter.

Wearing this "boat," a gunner or an angler can walk about in shallow water and step off into deeper water and drift with the current or propel himself where he wants to go. When he feels inclined he can relax, for the "boat," when it's afloat, is said to be as comfortable as an easy chair.

The inventor says that the device is as practical for the gunner as for the disciple of Isaak Walton. The big doughnut-like ring filled with air furnishes an excellent support for the gunner's back and the recoil of the gun is partly offset by a backward movement of the "boat" in the water. Another advantage of the walking boat is its low position in the water, from which the hunter is not so visible to his feathered quarry as he would be, even in a duck-boat of shallow draft.



The Inflated Apparatus Which Keeps a Hunter Afloat While Traveling in the Marshes. It Is Also Effective in Keeping Him Upright, While Walking on the Bottom of a Stream.



Charles E. Miller, of Indiana, Shown Wearing His Curious Walking Boat.

A Car That Fits in the Office

K. L. MOOREHOUSE, of Detroit, Michigan, is the owner of the smallest of "baby" automobiles which deserves to be classed with real motor cars.

This miniature car, shown in the photograph above, weighs only 625 pounds and has a wheelbase of only 52 inches. It is powered with a four-cylinder motor which develops more than 27 horsepower—an amazing amount of power for the small size of the engine and the dimensions of the car itself.

Not long ago Mr. Moorehouse put his infant automobile through a series of tests and established a new world's record for cars of this type and size. The little machine rolled around the track at a speed of more than 92 miles an hour.

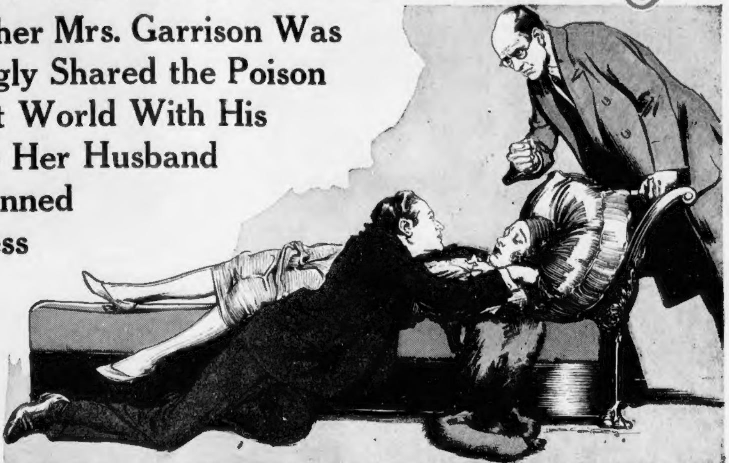
It is unlikely that automobiles of this type ever will become generally popular, even in this day when space saving is becoming increasingly important in congested areas and when baby motor cars and flivver planes are enjoying a spreading vogue. The chief value of the motor car that can be, by a slight stretch of the imagination, driven right into the office or parked in a dog-house, is its mechanical efficiency.

During a recent visit to New York City Mr. Moorehouse drove his little machine through the busiest streets and slipped in and out of the steady stream of traffic with surprising ease. To give a demonstration of the utility of the diminutive motor car he drove onto the freight elevator of one of the city's highest buildings, was taken to one of the upper floors and out onto a narrow terrace 18 stories above the busy streets below. He drove about the terrace, backed up, maneuvered the car in circles and figure 8's and returned to earth in the elevator.

Automobiles as small as this can be operated on a small amount of gasoline—hardly more than is required to run a motorcycle—and can travel thousands of miles on one set of tires. They are, however, made for one person and the single seat is not particularly comfortable on long drives. Beside such a car, one of the standard makes of "baby" motor cars seems spacious.

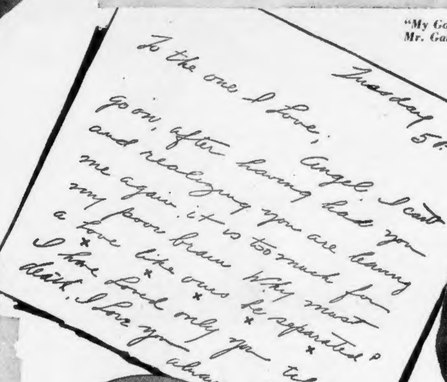
Their "Drink of Death" Ended the Love Triangle

But It Will Never Be Known Whether Mrs. Garrison Was Trapped by Her Lover, or Willingly Shared the Poison Gin and Passed Into the Next World With His Arms Around Her, While Her Husband Looked on, Stunned and Helpless



"My God, Kathryne, what has happened?"
Mr. Garrison Picked His Wife's Writhing Body Up and Placed It on a Couch. A Second Later Her Lover Staggered to It and Lay Down Beside Her. His Arms Encircled the Woman in a Death-Like Embrace.
The Husband Made a Gesture as Though to Throw Him Off, Then Stayed His Hand as a Hoarse Whisper Came From Hartung's White Lips: "It doesn't make any difference, now, we're dying!"

Mrs. Kathryne Garrison in Beach Pajamas, From Recent Photograph at a Florida Resort.



Tuesday 5 P.M
To the one I love;
Angel. I can't
go on, after having had you
and realizing you are leaving
me again. it is too much for
my poor brain Why must
a love like ours be separated?
* * * * *
I have loved only you till
death. I love you always Jack.

A Portion of the Last Letter to His Sweetheart Written by Hartung.

Mr. Ralph Garrison, the Husband of the Erring Woman, Who Ended Her Life in the Arms of Her Lover Before His Startled Gaze.

J. H. Hartung, Who Prepared the Poisoned Potion Which Ended His Own Life and the Life of Mrs. Garrison.

FRANK R. STOCKTON, the novelist, in his famous "The Lady or the Tiger?" makes the lover in the Roman arena choose between two doors—if he opens one door the ferocious tiger will instantly destroy him; if by good luck he chooses to open the other door, the beautiful girl will come into his arms and he is free. Stockton ends the story without telling the reader which door the wretched man opened.

And in the recent dramatic ending of the eternal triangle in Chicago which ruined the lives of Mrs. Ralph Garrison, her husband and her sweetheart, no one will ever know with certainty which door the woman took out of life—was it suicide or murder?

The heart-broken husband, who was a helpless spectator, says he is sure it was murder. He cannot bear to think that this wife, whom he had forgiven, would, right before his eyes, drink to the other man in a "highball of death" and deliberately die with him rather than go home with her husband.

And perhaps he is right. Deputy Coroner Donoghue, of Cook County, Illinois, states that he does not believe that women are ever voluntary partners in a suicide pact for love. Yet there is that letter of the "other man," telling her in so many words that he was going to take his life, urging her to join him in death and practically saying that the gin was poisoned.

If she did not want to die with him, where was her woman's intuition, where was her understanding of this man who loved her so much that he insisted on dying with her? How could her intuition and instincts fail when both her husband and her friend, Mrs. B. F. Jones, felt that something was wrong, and begged her not to accept that proffered "last drink"?

The scene was laid in a suite of the Hotel Bismarck, Chicago, which J. H. Hartung, 36-year-old traveling man for a Columbus, Ohio, concern, had been sharing with the wife of Ralph Garrison, well-to-do circulating manager of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Garrison's wife had left him for the other man, but because he loved his wife all had been forgiven and was to be forgotten, if possible. The husband, the erring but forgiven wife and their mutual friend, Mrs. Jones, had gone to the hotel to get Mrs. Garrison's clothes.

As they opened the door of the room Hartung faced them. Mr. Garrison, at the Coroner's hearing, said that his rival looked at him with an expression of disconcerted surprise. The husband and the "other man" had met once before, but this was the first time since the husband knew he had betrayed him. Something had to be said.

"My wife is going home with me," said Mr. Garrison.

"That is good. I am glad to hear it," replied the lover, fastening his eyes on Mrs. Garrison, who said nothing. As this seemed to be all the conversation necessary, Mr. Garrison stepped across the room and picked up his wife's luggage, which was all packed. He did not wish to breathe the same air as that man any longer than necessary. But the other man produced a bottle of gin, glasses and ice water.

"Have a drink before you go," he invited.

"No, thank you," said the husband positively, and Mrs. Jones refused with equal firmness.

"And you, Kayo?" Hartung filled a glass and held it toward the woman whose love he had won and whom now he was losing. "A last drink?"

Mr. Garrison quickly replied for his wife, stating that he did not wish her to have anything to drink. He wanted to get away as soon as possible. But the wife held out her hand for the glass.

"Oh, Honey!" she pleaded to her husband. "Let us have just this last one together. Don't be cruel!"

Mrs. Jones added her protest to that of Mr. Garrison, but in vain. Both had a strong impulse to knock the glass out of the woman's hand, but it did not seem the wise thing to do. Common sense told them that it would be better to get the unpleasant scene over as quickly as possible; so they just stood there and watched while death took two lives before they suspected it.

Mrs. Jones flushed with indignation as she saw the faithless wife and her lover raise the two glasses, and, looking shamelessly into each other's eyes, start drinking. If it made her angry, how much worse must it have been for the outraged husband to witness this last gesture to the end of a disgraceful affair which he had forgiven. The two spectators got the impression that the woman was drinking rather rapidly, while Hartung was watching her drink more than drinking much himself. Suddenly the glass dropped from Mrs. Garrison's hand and her husband caught her as she fell to the floor, uttering convulsive groans.

"My God, Kathryne, what has happened?" he cried. She could not answer, and he saw her face, convulsed with pain, turning a purple hue. Thoroughly frightened, he carried his wife's writhing body to a couch, and then was astonished and angered to see his rival stretch himself beside her, and encircle her with his arms.

Garrison was about to tear the lover's embrace from his wife when he saw that Hartung's face was also taking that ghastly, purple color. As he hesitated the man's blue lips opened and he managed to say:

"It doesn't make any difference now, we're dying!"

There is perhaps no more dreadful death agony than that by cyanide of potassium, but it was soon over and they lay dead, locked in each other's arms. There is, of course, no question of Hartung's suicide or that he meant to take the woman he loved and lost with him to the grave. Incidentally, he was perfectly willing to be generous with his death drinks and include the husband and even Mrs. Jones in his party to the next world.

The question is whether Hartung murdered her or whether she knew the gin was poisoned and made the exit willingly with her lover. The first point to arise is whether or not she would have tasted something wrong in a drink of gin containing such a deadly dose. Curiously enough, nobody knows what a fatal dose of cyanide tastes like. Anyone who has taken such a dose has been too busy dying to leave behind a description of what taste, if any, that poison has. It is known that a very dilute solution has a faintly alkaline flavor, but it does not follow that this is true of a concentrated strength. It it quite likely cyanide, in gin, might not be noticed, as far as the taste is concerned.

There is, however, a slight odor, which has been described as smelling the way bitter almond tastes, a rather pleasant smell, not at all suggestive of poison and death. A chemist would recognize the odor, but an ordinary person would think nothing of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrison had been married eighteen years, happily married, according to the husband. This is no doubt true as far as he is concerned, for he has amply proved his love by his forgiving attitude. Garrison thinks his wife was happy, because he was a successful man, able to give her every comfort and almost any luxury she asked, much more than the husbands of most of her girl friends were able to give them, all of which usually makes for happiness and contentment. She had no worries, no responsibilities, no work unless she chose to do it to amuse herself.

In return for all this nothing was asked of her except to be happy and faithful, and her devoted husband assumed that she was both. Coroner Donoghue believes that the husband's theory was reasonably correct until recently.

No evidenece has appeared of previous infidelities, and he thinks that except for a certain uneasiness and dissatisfaction such as is usually shown by women with nothing to do, she was not unhappy until just lately. Then she was approaching the age of forty, which, as has often been pointed out, is the dangerous age for women. A man is likely to make a fool of himself most any time from childhood to second childhood, but a woman is especially likely to stoop to folly between her fortieth and fiftieth birthdays.

She knows she is right on the edge of losing her appeal for the opposite sex, and is tempted to make one last use of her charms before they vanish forever. In Europe rich middle-aged women hire young gigolos to pay them ardent attention, and it was at fifty-two, almost beyond the dangerous age, that Mrs. Stillman broke loose to divorce a husband of appropriate age and marry her son's college chum.

Last Winter Mrs. Garrison told her husband that she was nervous and tired and needed a rest and vacation. Instead of replying, "A rest from what? Your life has never been anything but vacation," he replied sympathetically and asked what she wanted to do. She had seen newspaper pictures of ladies lying nearly nude on the Florida beaches with gentlemen watching admiringly, and suggested that the sun would do her good, though it was too bad that business would not let him go with her. She felt so selfish to ask, and all that, but she did ask just the same, and got her wish.

At once there was an expensive scramble for clothes. It costs a lot of money to lie unclothed in Florida, but Mrs. Garrison explained that the outlay would all be saved, because she would need no Summer outfit. That part came true, because there is neither dressing nor undressing in the grave.

What did Mr. Garrison think would happen to a wife, at the dangerous age, going all alone and all dressed up, to a playground of the rich and careless? He did not think at all. After eighteen years he had learned that the easiest way to get along was to let his wife have what she wanted and not think about it.

At Miami Beach Mrs. Garrison met Hartung. According to the Coroner's information and belief he posed as a big business man and she certainly looked like a million dollars to him. The man pursued, the woman flashed her charms at him and was flattered to see him fall. Evidently she was "just as young as she used to be." There is some evidence, however, that she knew better, because she appeared on the beaches not in backless bathing suits, but mostly in beach pajamas, a refuge for women who find the glaring sun reveals bulging veins behind their knees and certain creases and wrinkles that betray age.

In his wooing at Miami, Hartung played the millionaire successfully but ruinously. On her return home Mrs. Garrison lived only a month with her husband and then left without saying to whom she had flown. Garrison wrote and telephoned to all her friends, saying that he was ready to forgive and please to inform him the moment any of them knew where to find her. Mrs. Charles E. Foley, of 4933 Blackstone avenue, Chicago, wired him to come at once, and next day he did, accompanied by Mrs. Jones.

After half an hour alone together the wife and husband emerged smiling to announce that all was fixed up, and that she was going back to the "dearest husband in the world." The reunited pair and Mrs. Jones then went to the hotel and the tragedy happened. What was behind the reconciliation?

For one thing—and the main thing—Hartung was broke. He left just $12 and a huge unpaid hotel bill. Mrs. Garrison knew that the affair could go on no longer, because her "big business man sweetheart" was just a bluff. They had already parted, he had given back her pictures—but after the tragedy this letter from Hartung was found:

"To the One I Love:

"Angel, I can't go on after having had you and realizing you are leaving me again. It is too much for my poor brain. Why must a love like ours be separated? If it were only possible for me to have taken you away, things might have worked out differently. But, dear heart, please understand that my love for you alone has become such a part of me that even to be away from you just drives me crazy.

"I am sober, dear, and when I tell you that I would rather be dead than away from you, it is only because of the love that I have for you. It's so deep, so sincere, that to me going on without you is impossible.

"I want you to know that the last thought shall be of you, the last word shall be, 'I have loved you, Kayo, darling, until the very end.'

"I hope, sweetheart, that sometime you will find the courage to go on without me, but how you will be able to carry on with the memories of a boy who loved you, only you know. But, darling, it will be hard, I know.

"However, Angel, if there was any other way out I would have taken it. But for me and you to go on like this, I can't, Angel; just can't.

"It is going to make you think me a coward, I know, but it is not so, darling. I am taking with me the memory of the sweetest, finest love I have known.

"Angel, dearest, it was sweet. Somehow I feel confident that if you were to know that I intend to go through with it you would join me, and that to me would be the most marvelous way for the most heavenly love that has ever existed to end.

"After all, darling, we must die; but to die for the one you love is the most pleasant death of all. I sincerely wish, Angel, that I could keep one of your pictures close to me, but wouldn't that create a scandal implicating you? So, dear heart, all the pictures are enclosed.

"I have kissed every one of them, and, dearest, I want you to feel that it was because that, try as I would, I just could not see the light where our love would overcome material things.

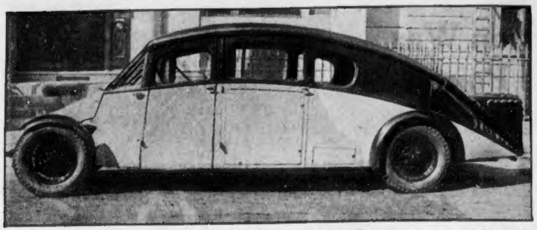
"I am not going to mention anything but this: I hope, dear heart, that if you do go on living, you will know I haven't done this deed for any other reason than that I love you, and not being able to have that love close to me always something may snap.

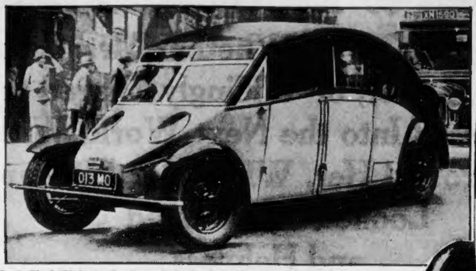
"So here I am planning with the last drink of gin to take the easy way out. May God bless you, sweetheart, and give you the courage to carry on.

"Until the very end I have loved you with all my heart, body and soul, and have been yours, only yours. I say to you, Kayo darling, this has been the sweetest love in my life. Until the very end I have loved only you. Until death I have loved you."

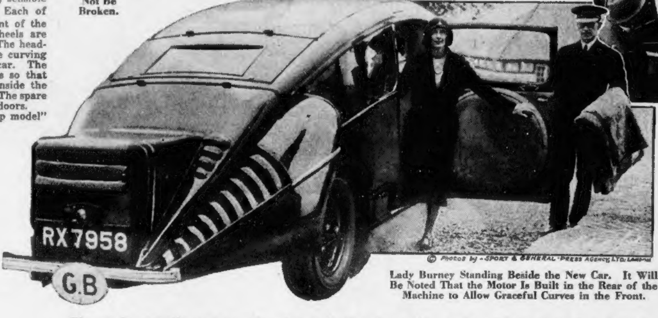
In spite of this letter, suggesting that very thing, Coroner Donoghue says that women never make suicide pacts for love. But women commit suicide for other reasons, such as disappointment and wounded vanity. Some think that she may have done it when she realized that her last sex-appeal flung at Florida had netted her, not the whale of a big business man she thought, but merely this very small and poor fish.

The New British "Airship Model" Automobile


Side View of the Streamline Car Designed to Cut Down to the Lowest Minimum the Air Resistance Encountered When in Motion.


Even the Headlights of the Vehicle Designed by Sir Denistoun Burney Are Sunk Flush With the Surface of the Cowl, So That the Sweep and Curve May Not Be Broken.

A Crowd of Curious Spectators Inspecting the Streamline "Airship Model" Automobile in Le Tourquet, France.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Lady Burney Standing Beside the New Car. It Will Be Noted That the Motor Is Built in the Rear of the Machine to Allow Graceful Curves in the Front.

EVEN before Sir Denistoun Burney began work on the plans of the British airship R-100 he had drawn the rough sketches for an automobile which he predicted would be much more efficient than any of the types of motor cars now in general use. A few weeks ago the first models of this machine of radical design and curious appearance were seen on the highways of Great Britain. Exhaustive tests have proved its advantages over the most modern of standard automobiles.

The inventor calls his motor car the "airship model" automobile, and it is all that its name implies. Its pointed "nose" offers almost no resistance to the air when the car is in motion and the body is shaped as gracefully as the body of a sea gull. The air flows around it in stream lines and finds no projections to push against.

All the usual air-catching details of the orthodox motor car have been built into the streamline body of Sir Denistoun's freaky looking but very sensible machine. It has no axles. Each of the four wheels is independent of the others and the two front wheels are steered by a special device. The headlights are sunk flush with the curving surface of the front of the car. The body extends over the wheels so that the mudguards are actually inside the machine's unbroken contour. The spare wheels are carried inside the doors.

The inventor of the "airship model" automobile has believed for many years that motor cars should be pushed, and not pulled. So he put the engine in the rear. All the heat and fumes from the engine are kept outside the tonneau of the car. The driver and passengers of the ultra-modern machine get no vibration from the engine.

The car is unusually spacious and the door in the side is high enough for a tall man to enter with ease. The interior of the machine shown in the photographs above has ample space for seven passengers to ride comfortably, and a place in the rear for baggage. The windows of the car are unusually large and permit a clear view of the road and the passing scene.

By a clever method of construction the chassis and body of the machine are virtually in one piece, which makes the novel automobile pleasingly free from rattle. The body is attached to the chassis with springs of special design which make the car ride as comfortably as a Pullman coach even over rough roads.

Because of the little resistance which the "airplane model" automobile offers to the atmosphere and the direct application of the power of its engine to the rear wheels, the machine can roll along at eighty miles an hour even though its motor develops only 22 horse-power.

Those who have driven the machine say that it is particularly easy to handle in traffic because of the clear view the driver gets from the front seat.

Germany Selects First Television Girl

Miss Evelyn Holt, a German-English Girl and Motion Picture Actress, Whose Impressive Type of Beauty Won for Her the Distinction of Becoming Germany's First Television Girl.

—At the Right—

Miss Holt in an Informal Pose on the Lawn of Her Home, Where the First Tests with Televisors Were Conducted.

GERMANY has selected Miss Evelyn Holt, one of the country's better known motion picture stars, as it first television girl. She already has made a successful debut in a visible and audible broadcast and has signed a contract to appear in a series of television programs which will be picked up in a score of theatres and in hundreds of private homes.

American radio engineers are evincing more than a little surprise at Germany's selection of a pronounced blonde as the ideal television type, because it had been their experience that dark-haired women televise much more clearly than blondes.

Within the past few weeks the two largest broadcasting chains in America have engaged a "Miss Television," although it may be some time before these young women actually are starred in radio programs that can be seen as well as heard.

The National Broadcasting Company picked Miss Dorothy Knapp, already well known as a prize winning beauty and a star of the musical comedy stage. Miss Knapp has chestnut hair.

The Columbia Broadcasting System chose for its television girl Miss Natalie Towers, a former showgirl. She also has dark hair, with a tinge of red in it. It is said that the color of her locks had much to do with her selection.

This country's pair of television girls have something in common with Germany's Miss Holt, however—beautiful, symmetrical and very clearly defined features. No girl without these natural attributes can aspire to the title of "Miss Television."

Evelyn Holt, although she is regarded in Germany as the perfect Teutonic type, is really only half German. Her father is a well-known Berlin newspaperman, but her mother is an Englishwoman, born in Birmingham.

Because, some two years ago, she played a part in a motion picture taken in England and because it became known that her mother was a native of the British Isles, several British newspapers made much of the fact that Germany's television girl is not German at all. She is, they erroneously explained proudly, a native of Blackburn, and she rose to her high position in the movies and in radio from the lowly job of millworker.

Miss Holt does not particularly mind the publication of these untrue stories of her origin.

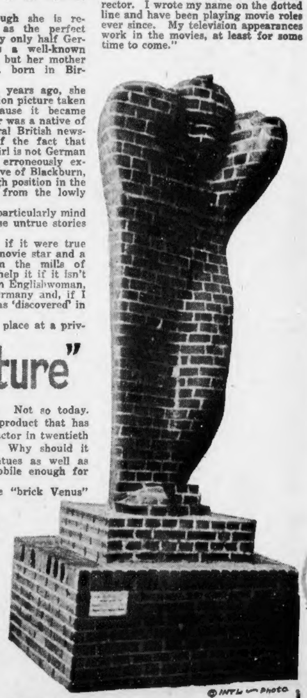
"I would be proud if it were true that I evolved into a movie star and a radio performer from the mills of Britain. But I can't help it if it isn't true. My mother is an Englishwoman, but I was born in Germany and, if I may use the term, I was 'discovered' in this country.

"My discovery took place at a private party, where I was asked to sing. I had, for a year or two, studied voice culture under Therese Bardas, the well-known vocal instructor, and my friends told me that I had a bright future as a singer.

"I'm not sure that they told me the truth, but my singing paved the way for my success in motion pictures and that made all my efforts to become a songbird worthwhile.

"It was at this private party that a man rushed up to me when I had finished singing and asked me to put my name on a contract to play in the films. I thought it was a joke, but that man was James Bauer, the cinema director. I wrote my name on the dotted line and have been playing movie roles ever since. My television appearances work in the movies, at least for some time to come."

Even the Bricklayers Are Turning to Modernistic "Sculpture"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This "Masterpiece," as Yet Unnamed, but Probably Another "Venus," Was Exhibited at the Architecture Show Recently Held in Berlin. Professor Robert Jeuner Made the "Statue" of brick Tiles, and Now a Number of Artistically Inclined Bricklayers Are Trying Their Hands at the Modernistic Type of Sculpture.

A SMALL pile of bricks recently exhibited at Berlin's annual architecture show created a furore among the city's artists and art lovers.

This pile of bricks is a statue in the modernistic manner and is the handiwork of Professor Robert Jeuner, who has something of a reputation as an artist and sculptor. The curious work of art—if it can be called that—has no definite title, but it is known to represent the figure of a woman and is scoffingly called "the brick Venus" by those aesthetes most offended by Prof. Jeuner's "descent into bricklaying," as they prefer to call his unusual effort.

One eminent art critic connected with a Berlin gallery was so incensed by the statue that he wrote a letter to one of the city's newspapers roundly denouncing Prof. Jeuner and his "brick Venus."

"Art is art," said the critic, "and bricklaying is bricklaying. The first is the privilege and the delight of those who have the eye and the soul for creative work. The second, honorable trade that it is, is for men who can put one block of burnt clay on top of another to form the walls and partitions of buildings. The two callings have nothing in common."

Some of the more radical artists in Berlin disagree with this outspoken critic. They have been moved to write to the newspapers, too, and defend Prof. Jeuner and his heavy thighed woman of brick.

Hans Kohlen, one of the leading modernist artists in Germany, hails Jenuer as a courageous pioneer. "There is no reason in the world," says Kohlen, "why an artist should not express himself in brick. The medium does not matter; it is the inspiration and the conception that count. I have seen atrocities fashioned of marble and bronze—statues with much less beauty in them than is to be seen by a careful study of the 'brick Venus.'

"True art is done in the spirit of the times. It is an expression of the temper of the day: That's why so many paintings, etchings and drawings made in the past few years have depicted industrialism in some of its many forms. A century ago the painting of a factory or of a group of laborers sweating in a steel mill would have been considered unfit for an artist's consideration. Not so today. Brick is an ancient product that has become an integral factor in twentieth century civilization. Why should it not be used for statues as well as buildings, if it is mobile enough for an artist's purpose?"

The creator of the "brick Venus" prefers to regard his statue as an experiment. He does not feel that he has committed any offense against art or that he is a pioneer in a new medium of artistic expression. He merely wanted to se what a statue made of brick would look like.

It seems, however, that he has started something, for several bricklayers have been inspired by the "brick Venus" to try their hand at sculpture. What beauty or ugliness will come out of this movement remains to be seen.

Sold Drawings for $300.—They're Worth $50,000

WHEN Thomas S. Hughes, a Chicago art dealer, took a trip to London two years ago to pick up a few prints, he bought what he thought were two fairly good mezzotints in one of the city's many art shops. He paid $120 for the pictures.

Back home, he put the pictures in one of the cabinets in his shop and gave them little thought until a few weeks ago when an agent representing Mrs. Jason F. Whitney, a wealthy resident of Evanston, Illinois, called on Mr. Hughes and inquired whether he had a couple of prints suitable for a library.

The art dealer immediately remembered the pair of mezzotints he had bought in London. They seemed exactly what the agent wanted, so Mr. Hughes framed them and sold them for $300. He felt that he had made a good profit on the pictures.

A few weeks later Mrs. Whitney played hostess to Dr. Maurice H. Goldblatt, a celebrated art expert. In showing him about her home she causually pointed out the supposed mezzotints. The art expert took one glance at the pictures and fumbled in his pocket for a small magnifying glass he always carries. For a long time he peered at the pictures.

Finally he turned to his hostess. "Where," he asked excitedly, "did you get hold of these?"

Mrs. Whitney told him they were just two little mezzotints picked up in a local art shop.

"Apparently you aren't aware," announced Dr. Goldblatt, "that you are the fortunate possessor of two original drawings by Rubens, the great Flemish painter. They are worth at least $50,000. I should say that they were done by the master early in 1600."

Art dealer Hughes, informed of his loss of more than $49,000, took his loss good-naturedly. "My mistake," he said, "Experts told me they were mezzotints and that's what I sold them for. It's too late to correct the error now."

Don't Read This—You Probably Won't Understand It

But, Anyhow, Scientists Have Got a New Idea About TIME; It Turns Out That You Can Bend Time, Like a Lead Pipe; Time Depends on Where You Are Going; Time Is Tied Up With Light—It Is Even Possible to Step From Today Back Into Yesterday—Time Does Not Flow Smoothly but Goes Along in Jumps

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Genesis 1:1.

THE Bible thus raises a question in the very first paragraph of the Old Testament which has always puzzled the mind of man — when did time begin?

But if the creation was the beginning of time for the universe, the Creator must already have been in existence—was there a "beginning" for the Creator himself?

The human mind is unable to conceive of the beginning of time. Think back as far as it is possible, imagine the beginning of the universe, go still further back and imagine the beginning of time—and the human mind inevitably wonders what might have been going on half an hour or so before the moment when time began.

And so it is with the end of time. Try to imagine the end of things, the final end of time—and here again the thought arises as to the situation next day after time ended. Most people look at the clock, understand that 24 hours make a day, 365 days make a year, that the Crucifixion took place about 2,000 years ago, that civilization began in Egypt about 6,000 years ago, that the age of the earth is perhaps a thousand million years, and the dentist appointment is 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. That is about enough for busy people to know about time—but still there are a lot of queer things about time.

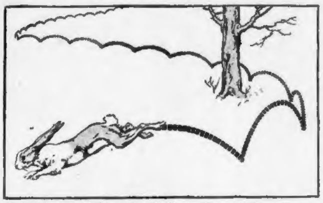
By taking advantage of some of the peculiarities of time, it is even possible to step from today back into yesterday.

A man standing within two miles of the North Pole at noon today might decide to take a four-mile walk in a straight line across the Pole. If it took him an hour to cover the four miles, he would arrive at the spot two miles the other side of the Pole—and he would find that it was one o'clock in the morning of YESTERDAY.

We Think of Time Running Along in a Sort of Straight Line, Like a Ray of Light—But Science Now Knows That a Ray of Light and Time Can Be "Bent."

But who cares anything about time at the North Pole? Nobody who amounts to anything lives up there, you may argue. But it was only a few years ago that nobody but naked cannibals lived on many of the South Sea islands. And yet, nowadays, the around-the-world tours stop there.

Who can say that when around-the-world aeroplane travel tours are planned in the future that stops may not be made at the North Pole? A person might find a brokerage office there and put in an order to buy some stock. Then later in the day, when he found the bottom had dropped out of the stock, he could put on his snow shoes, hustle across four miles, to the other side of the Pole, catch up with yesterday morning and cancel the order before it was executed.



It Is Suggested That the Uniform Flow of Time Is an Illusion—That Time Really Consists of a Series of Tiny Jumps of the Universe Like a Fleeing Rabbit.

And here is another thing. If you took off in an aeroplane in New York at noon and flew west at exactly the same speed the earth revolves, it would keep on being exactly noon all the time, hour after hour, right straight through till the next day. If your gasoline held out long enough to keep in the air twenty-four hours and return to the flying field in New York you would arrive at noon the following day. Your watch would keep on marking off the hours while you were flying but at every minute for twenty-four hours it would always be noon on the surface of the earth underneath your aeroplane.

Now, don't get a headache reading the next few paragraphs of solemn science, and quit. Keep on because there are some very amusing things a little further along.

Would anybody suppose that time is, somehow, mixed up with light? Well, Mr. Einstein and other wise ones have found out that, in some cases, time depends on light—and this has nothing to do with "daylight saving time," either. Now here is the reason why time and light get mixed up with each other.

There is no way of instantaneous signaling of a piece of news from a distant planet. It takes light rays 186,000 miles a second to travel through space. If a star trillions of miles away exploded while the American Weekly readers are reading this page this morning, it might be months or years before the light rays from the planet brought the news to us. So, while we saw the flash a year from now, the real time that it happened would be twelve months earlier. So time is sometimes dependent on light rays.

And while philosophers and thoughtful persons have wondered about the beginning of time and the ending of time down through the ages, Professor Albert Einstein, the distinguished mathematician, has suddenly put before the scientific world an entirely new idea about time. In his famous theory of "relativity" Professor Einstein suggests that time is not necessarily the same for everybody, but that it depends on the situation of the "observer;" for example, on how fast a person or a planet is moving with relation to other objects in the universe. In the Einstein theories time becomes merely a mathematical quantity, like the possible dimensions of space. The universe is supposed to exist, not in space alone, but in a kind of blend that is called space-time, and that cannot be pictured by the mind, but must be understood solely by mathematics.

And this new conception of time has stirred the scientific world to study the matter from an entirely new angle, and thus two American physicists now come forward with the suggestion that time is composed of small separate particles—like the grains of sand on the ocean beach or the minute crystals which make up a piece of cast iron.

Ordinary material objects, Mr. F. O. Wollaston and Mr. K. W. Miller of the Edison Laboratories in Chicago, point out, seem continuous—like a steel knife blade or the pane of glass. And yet scientists know that these substances, like all other material things, are really composed of tiny, separate atoms too small for the human senses to perceive.

The apparently smooth flow of electric current in a wire is now known to be really a procession of a vast number of the tiny electric particles called electrons. It is suspected that the apparently steady ray of light that comes from the sun or an electric bulb, is really a stream of small light particles called photons. It is not impossible, Mr. Wollaston and Mr. Miller point out, that what seems to be the smooth and uniform flow of time may be another illusion due to the lack of refinement of human senses and that—**time really consists of a series of very tiny, instantaneous jumps of the universe from the past to the future, like a fleeing rabbit.**

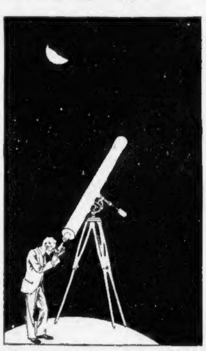
This conception is a fundamentally different notion of time, but no more revolutionary or surprising than the ascertained fact that the electric current is a procession of tiny electric particles, or the very probable fact that a ray of light is a stream of small light particles—it is not more revolutionary than the fundamental changes in the ideas of space introduced by the Einstein theories.

While scientists are concerning themselves with their new aspects of time, it has been found convenient for the practical needs of mankind to do some artificial regulation of time. Thus across the United States time has been split into four arbitrary divisions—Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time and Pacific Time. If you step on a train in New York at noon, you may arrive in Indianapolis, after several hours' run, and find by the Indiana clocks that everything is just an hour earlier than your watch says. It's lunch time for your watch (if it was hungry) but too early for yourself.

But if your wife steps on another train at the same moment when you are leaving New York and starts north to Montreal, her watch will be correct all the time. While your watch, when you reach Indianapolis, will have to be moved back an hour, your wife's watch, in Montreal, is correct. So your wife, in Montreal, and you in Indiana, having started your travels at the same instant and gone about the same distance, the one is living an hour later in the day than the other. Thus we see that time is sometimes a matter of where you are going.

Cheer up! From here on the reading is going to be easier.

Curiously enough, the imagination of the novelist has already forecast these new theories of time, as Jules Verne forecast the submarine boat, the space rocket and other scientific discoveries, before the scientists themselves discovered them.



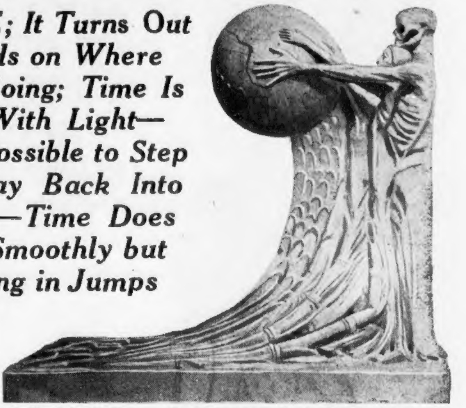
Time Depends Upon Rays of Light in Some Instances. An Explosion on a Distant Star, Which We See Today, Really Took Place Many Years Ago.

Fifteen years ago A. E. Mason, a popular English writer, wrote a short story called "The Clock," which was based on this same idea that science now puts forward—that time is not continuous, but proceeds in jumps so rapid that it seems unbroken. Mr. Mason's hero had come into possession of a clock which endowed its owner with the peculiar ability of getting in between the jumps of time. Now and then the clock would give a loud metallic thump. When this happened, the owner of the clock had the equivalent of fourteen minutes of ordinary time in between the loud tick and the next tick. Moving with tremendous swiftness, the owner of the clock was able to accomplish what would ordinarily require fourteen minutes of time, before the next regular clock tick.

And thus Mr. Mason's hero took the advantage given him by his magic clock, to rush into the next room, murder a man, return and sit down again with his guests, before the next clock tick. He had, of course, a perfect alibi because he moved so fast that his movements were invisible.

H. G. Wells also had a somewhat similar notion of time. His conception was that activities could be speeded up far beyond the normal time requirements, so that digestion would proceed with incredible rapidity, and human beings could rush about faster than the minutes of the clock had ever recorded. But these time-beating hustlers came to grief, because they hurried here and there with such speed that the element of friction interfered and their clothes caught fire.

Mr. Wells also wrote another story dealing with time as a dimension. He called it "The Time Machine." This apparatus, shaped something like a bicycle, could roll into the future as an automobile rolls into the distance. His hero took one trip, and returned to tell of it. But he never came back from his second.



The Flight of Time—a Symbolical Statue by the German Sculptor, Dinar Jonsson.

The imaginative brain of still another fiction writer has played with the subject of time. Studying the effect of mass upon gravity on the various planets, this writer conceived the idea that time was related to size and space—the bigger the person or world, the slower the time; and the smaller the creature or environment, the faster time went. He pointed out that elephants sometimes live 150 years, while many of the little insects are born in the morning, mate, lay their eggs and die before sundown—thus rushing through their life's cycle in six or eight hours.

Proceeding to build up his entertaining story on these observations, the writer introduces some scientists who had succeeded in a method of reducing large animals to smaller and smaller dimensions until they had become too small for a microscope to detect. A few adventurous spirits, young men and young women, agreed to a test on themselves when they were assured that there was no doubt about their being brought back to their original size.

The scientists succeeded in the experiment. The subjects were reduced smaller and smaller, until the microscope lost sight of them, and then they were brought back. But, an unfortunate thing had happened which the learned scientists had not foreseen. As time (according to the novelist's theory) speeds up with more swiftness the smaller the object is, so, in the few moments in which the subjects of the experiment had been reduced to a size smaller than microbes, they had lived the equivalent of half a century. When they came back to their normal size, they were aged, wrinkled, gray-bearded or gray-haired old men and women.

A humorous writer had still another idea—he would apply modern industrial methods to supply time to busy people. As tomatoes, pineapples, etc., are canned at times and in places where the produce is cheap, so he would can time in the desert of Sahara, where time is of no value, and there is lots of it. Anybody who found he was going to be late at the station would open a little 15-minute jar of canned time—and catch his train.

Even the popular song writers have taken time as a topic, and every impressionable girl has listened to Rudy Vallee croon:

My time is your time,
Your time is my time;
We just seem to synchronize—
There's no time like our time.

Of course, Professor Einstein and other modern scientists do not endorse the fantastic but entertaining theories of the novelists, but to ordinary people the sober, serious ideas of the scientists may seem even more fantastic.

Professor Gilbert N. Lewis, of the University of California, has sponsored the idea, for example, that there is no necessary or scientific distinction between the past and the future. Time exists, he admits, but he sees no reason for the conventional idea that time "moves" or "flows" from the future through the present into the past. All of the scientific equations which involve time may be interpreted equally well, either backward or forward, Professor Lewis contends.

Imagine a man standing at the middle of a road across a featureless desert, so that the road stretches off interminably in both directions to lose itself in a featureless horizon. If that man is turned around two or three times and then allowed to look down the road he will have no idea whether this is the direction from which he has come or the direction in which he is going. Direction has no meaning; he doesn't know whether he is "going or coming." Something like this is Professor Lewis's idea of time.

Another scientific idea, recently emphasized by Dr. Werner Heisenberg and by Dr. Einstein himself, is that nothing involving time can be quite certain. If two railway trains are rushing against each other on the same track, the ordinary man says that a collision is inevitable in a few minutes. If a baseball is released from the top of a tall building the ordinary man says that it is quite certain that the baseball will soon strike the ground under the action of gravity. If a bullet is moving at a speed of exactly one mile a second it is certain that the bullet will be one mile away at the end of one second, again says the ordinary man.

Ordinarily, even the scientists admit, these predictions are justified. They work out in practical cases so that common-sense people depend on them. But this does not prove that they are scientifically perfect and many of the students of the new physics of atoms and molecules believe that they are not. They believe there are slight uncertainties about the possibility of the train collision, about the fall of the baseball and about the exact place of the flying bullet one second hence. These uncertainties actually become discoverable in the realm of atoms and light rays, they say. On this theory another familiar characteristic of ordinary time disappears, for time becomes uncertain. One second "now" is not necessarily the same as one second "then." A minute on Mars may be different from a minute on the earth or on the sun.

From these arise such mathematical paradoxes as that a man may go off into the Einstein universe on Wednesday and come back on Tuesday or even that he might start out on a year's trip tomorrow and meet himself coming back. The scientific theories do not really contain, of course, such absurdities. The absurdities appear when one attempts to translate the time mathematics of the theorists into ordinary words, which may mean quite different things from the mathematical symbols that the scientists use.

If You Started Up in an Aeroplane at Noon From New York and Traveled West at Exactly the Speed the Earth Revolves, It Would Keep on Being Noon All the Time, No Matter What Your Watch Said.

But time is also related to space, as well as light. It is asserted that two identically constructed clocks will not give the same time in regard to some happening if one of the clocks is on a moving train or aeroplane and if we merely allow for the motion of the body of the thing it is on.

In Mr. Benjamin Ginsburg's remarkable book, "The Adventure of Science," he explains that as follows:

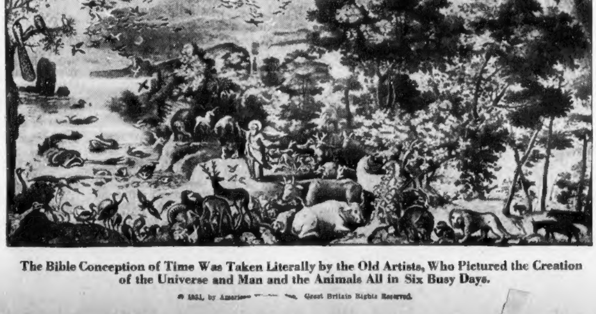
"We may visualize this experimental fact in striking fashion by the story of the two twins. Two twins have built themselves identical clocks. One of them takes a journey on a magic carpet, which travels at four-fifths of the speed of light and takes him to the star Sirius and back. The star Sirius is sixteen light years away, that is to say, it takes a ray of light sixteen years to traverse the distance. The journey on that magic carpet should thus take twenty years each way, or forty years for the round trip. The clock of the twin who has stayed home registers exactly forty years when the brother returns. But the brother insists his journey has taken him only twenty years, and his clock shows only twenty years. What is more, he feels only twenty years older instead of forty, for the biological processes have 'slowed up' consistently with the clock."

But that is not all. Everybody used to think that a ray of light traveled in a straight line. But it has been proved beyond doubt that light rays can be bent as they travel along, and so, too, it is asserted that time can be "bent."

There is one fact about time, however, which none of the scientists attempt to explain. This is the mysterious "time sense" of the human mind. Professor Lewis may be perfectly correct when he asserts that there is no physical evidence of any such thing as a flow of time and that, therefore, one cannot distinguish between the future and the past. The fact remains that all human minds not actually insane do make this distinction and have no doubt about it. No sane person confuses his memory with his foresight or doubts which way he seems to be moving along the time road like the desert highway. If the mathematicians and physicists remove time from the universe or break it up into tiny time particles or do any of the other radical things which they threaten to do and which may be quite justified or even necessary in these sciences, psychologists then will have the problem of explaining the human time sense.

Perhaps this sense is an illusion, just as it is an illusion that we stand upright on the earth while the Chinaman, standing similarly on the globe's other side, is standing upside down. Yet no practical man stands on his head in America so that he can conform with a Chinese friend on the other side of the earth; and time as measured by clocks and watches, incorrect as it may be in scientific theories, will probably continue to serve well enough for ordinary ends.

And now has the reader got a good, clear idea of it all? If not, never mind; tomorrow morning will come getting-up time and breakfast time, and for the children school time, and dinner time and finally bed time—and now it's time for the editor to stop.



The Bible Conception of Time Was Taken Literally by the Old Artists, Who Pictured the Creation of the Universe and Man and the Animals All in Six Busy Days.

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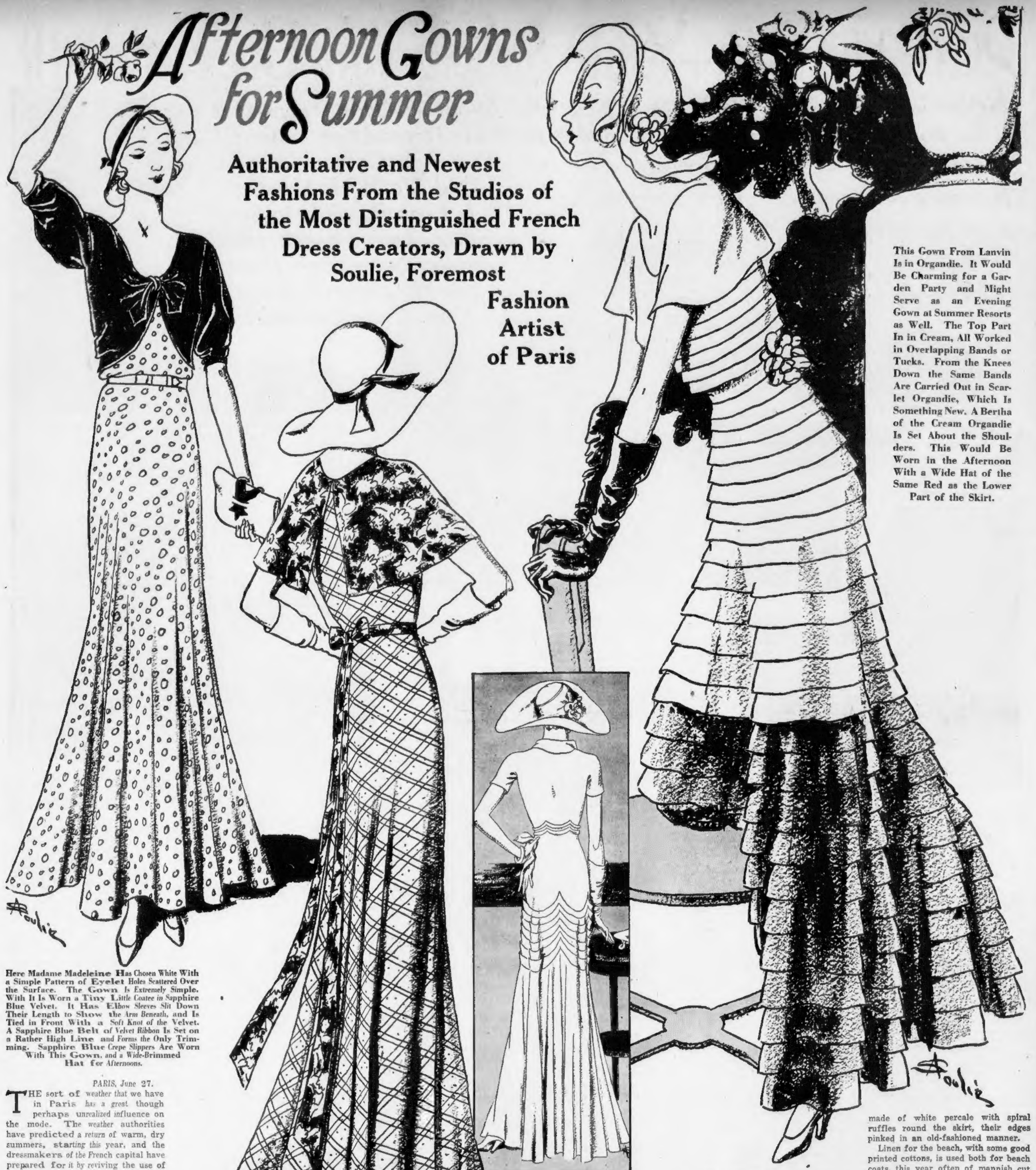
Afternoon Gowns for Summer

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



This Gown From Lanvin Is in Organdie. It Would Be Charming for a Garden Party and Might Serve as an Evening Gown at Summer Resorts as Well. The Top Part In in Cream, All Worked in Overlapping Bands or Tucks. From the Knees Down the Same Bands Are Carried Out in Scarlet Organdie, Which Is Something New. A Bertha of the Cream Organdie Is Set About the Shoulders. This Would Be Worn in the Afternoon With a Wide Hat of the Same Red as the Lower Part of the Skirt.

Here Madame Madeleine Has Chosen White With a Simple Pattern of Eyelet Holes Scattered Over the Surface. The Gown Is Extremely Simple. With It Is Worn a Tiny Little Coatee in Sapphire Blue Velvet. It Has Elbow Sleeves Slit Down Their Length to Show the Arm Beneath, and Is Tied in Front With a Soft Knot of the Velvet. A Sapphire Blue Belt of Velvet Ribbon Is Set on a Rather High Line and Forms the Only Trimming. Sapphire Blue Crepe Slippers Are Worn With This Gown, and a Wide-Brimmed Hat for Afternoons.

Blanche Lebouvier Has Made a Pretty Model in White Organdie for Garden Parties and Resort Wear. It Is One of Those Models Which May Be Worn for Formal Afternoon Occasions With a Hat, or for Formal Evening Affairs Without One. The Bodice Is Very Simple, With the Popular Cap Sleeves. Tiny Scalloped Tucks Mark the Natural Waistline. The Same Scallops Appear at the Knees.

For This Charming Gown of Many Summer Uses, Martial et Armand Have Chosen a New Material. This Is a Plaid Net, Woven With a Large Line Plaid, but All in the Same Color—a Pale Beige or Deep Cream. A Collarette of Printed Taffeta, Apple Green Ground With Flowers in Red and Beige, Is Worn With the Gown, and the Color Note Is Repeated in the Narrow Belt With Long Ends of the Same Taffeta Coming From a Tiny Bow in the Back on a Rather High Waistline.

PARIS, June 27.

THE sort of weather that we have in Paris has a great though perhaps unrealized influence on the mode. The weather authorities have predicted a return of warm, dry summers, starting this year, and the dressmakers of the French capital have prepared for it by reviving the use of real summer materials, eyelet embroidery, organdie in all its forms, crash, medium weight linen, and handkerchief linen, cotton nets, and even humble stuffs like percale and gingham.

What we used to call the "lingerie dress," made of a combination of materials, lace, embroidery and batiste, put together with fine stitchery, appeared in the spring collections, and was featured by no less a person than Mademoiselle Chanel. She revived organdie for evening wear last year, and has continued to use it this year, treated in every possible way, tucked, shirred, frilled and plaited, embroidered, inset with lace, printed, faconne with a little woven-in design, and even spangled.

Lanvin is another creator who loves to work in organdie. Her picture frocks in this material are famous. On this page is one of her best, in a combination of creamy white and brilliant scarlet. The entire gown is worked in overlapping tucks, the upper part cream, and the lower red. This would be a charming model for a garden party, or even for informal evening wear in the summer. For afternoon, it would be worn with a wide hat, either of straw, or of the organdie stiffened to give it shape.

Martial et Armand have used a material new this season for their model. It is a cotton net, woven with a line plaid in self color, which is pale beige. A little cape or collarette of apple green taffeta, printed with small Dresden flowers, may be worn with it, while the belt, narrow in front, and finished in the back with long widening ends, is made of the same printed taffeta. With this goes a wide hat in natural colored Leghorn straw, the brim lined with the flowered taffeta, and a narrow band of apple green encircling the crown.

The Blanche Lebouvier model is in organdie, while the Madeleine one is in broderie anglaise, or eyelet embroidery. In the drawing the latter is shown for informal evening wear with a little packet of sapphire blue velvet matching the belt ribbon, and the slippers.

All these models are youthful, for these materials are not adapted to older women. For them, a summer choice of chiffon, lace or georgette is wiser for these dresses of double usefulness, or formal afternoon and informal evening occasions.

The linens come into their own in the daytime. Redfern has used old-fashioned crash for a tailored suit in white; Molyneux completes his thin crepey woolen ensembles with colored linen blouses, while he lines and faces the jackets with the same linen. Several houses show linen frocks, rather tailored in style, and sometimes worn over white guimpes. At Augustabernard's, there is an evening frock oddly made of white percale with spiral ruffles round the skirt, their edges pinked in an old-fashioned manner.

Linen for the beach, with some good printed cottons, is used both for beach coats, this year often of mannish cut like double-breasted overcoats, and for pyjamas. At Maggy Rouf's, there is a most attractive white linen pyjama suit, the jacket rather like a naval uniform and buttoned with brass buttons.

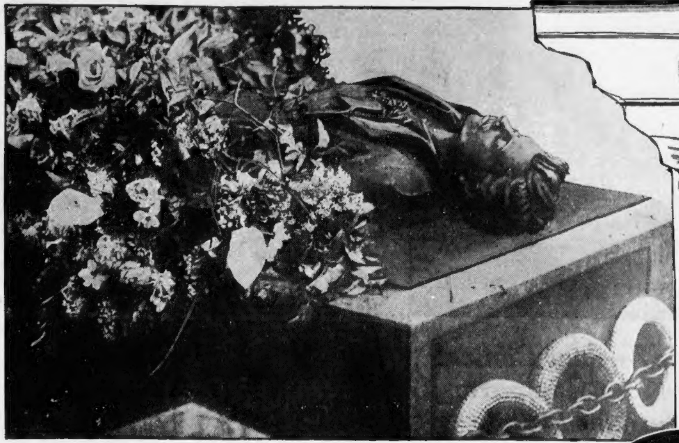
Dotted Swiss, another old fashioned summer material, has been revived at some houses, notably at Redfern's, and at Lyolene's, in youthful frilled frocks, for garden parties, or informal evening. dances. While at Cheruit's frocks that are inspired by the English School of painting of the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries are done in organdie, and in that stiffened chiffon which looks so much like it.

A decidedly naive note is found running through the collections for summer, expressed not only in flounces, full skirts, little puffed sleeves, and ribbon sashes, but in the choice of materials. The influence is seen again in the wide hats, that recall paintings of the Romantic and Second Empire periods, with their larger crowns and wide floppy brims.

Driven to Suicide by His Father's Grim Legacy

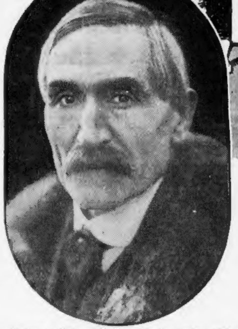
Robert Noir, Distinguished French Artist, Brooded Over the Skull of His Murdered Uncle, Willed to Him by His Father, Became Known as "The Painter of Despair" and Finally Killed Himself

M. Aste d'Esparbes, Holding the Skull of Victor Noir. M. d'Esparbes Had Promised His Friend, Robert Noir, to See That Uncle Victor's Skull Was Placed With His Other Bones in His Tomb in Pere-Lachaise Cemetery.

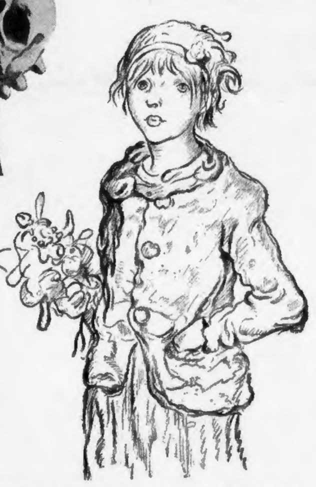


The Tomb of Victor Noir in the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. After Robert Noir's Suicide the Skull of His Uncle Victor Was Replaced in the Coffin in This Tomb the Other Day.

Long Hours the Artist Spent in His Studio Contemplating the Skull of His Uncle Which His Father Had Bequeathed Him and Whose Cavernous Eyes Seemed Always Fixed Upon Him from the Mantelpiece in His Studio.



Robert Noir, Distinguished Artist Who Inherited His Murdered Uncle's Skull by Bequest of His Father. The Artist Was Known As "The Painter of Despair."



A Poor Little Flower Girl on the Boulevard, by Robert Noir. The Painter Never Selected the Gay, the Wealthy or the Fashionable but Always Chose His Subjects from the Forlorn and Pitiful.

PARIS, June

THE death here the other day of Robert Noir, the distinguished artist, was the final climax of a career profoundly influenced by a legacy bequeathed to him by his equally distinguished father—the skull of Robert Noir's uncle. As a boy young Robert had seen his father in hours of contemplation and conversation with that skull, and when his father died it came to him as a solemn inheritance. Robert kept it on the mantelpiece of his studio, and its cavernous eyes seemed always to be fixed upon the young painter, and thus influenced his character and his work, and he became known in the Paris art world as the "Painter of Despair."

Finally, the other day, at the age of 67 years, Robert Noir selected a holiday when the Bois de Boulogne was filled with merrymakers. Bringing with him a rope and selecting a tree, he hanged himself and then put a bullet through his brain. The famous painter of mournful pictures of street waifs and beggar women, whose eyes seemed to look out upon the cold bleak nothingness of death, had joined the original possessor of that haunting skull in the world beyond the grave.

Since the passing of his mother, whom he tenderly took care of during her last illness, the artist had painted but little. Avoiding society, he had shut himself up in his attic studio in the Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore. Here he lingered the past four years under the dark shadow of despondency, fasting, sleeping on a wooden bed without a mattress, reading by candle-light, and brooding over the skull of his uncle, Victor Noir, the fiery young journalist killed by Prince Pierre-Napoleon Bonaparte in 1870.

This grim relic had been willed to Robert Noir 30 years before by his father, who had taken it from the coffin as a souvenir when the remains of the slain journalist were being transferred from Neuilly to Paris. And now, like some hermit with a death's-head in his cell, the painter kept vigil day and night in his studio over the macabre inheritance, falling a prey to the gloomiest fancies.

In vain Noir's physician, Dr. C. B. Lescude, tried to rouse the hypochondriac from the painful torpor of his reveries.

"In my heart is Winter," said the artist, "and its white flakes flutter round my head, its fogs dim my eyes. My friends are laid in weather-beaten graves, and I alone am left like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new generation has blossomed, with new desires, with new thoughts. The old has passed into silence, and I myself have passed, remembered by few, scorned by many, loved by none since my mother died. It is a misfortune to have been born. Our wishes deceive us, time cheats us, death mocks our cares. Life is a gift of little worth."

Isolated, weakened by the increasing infirmities of age, his imagination harassed continually by the image of death on his mantelpiece, Noir finally determined to quit the world. But first, to assure himself that his uncle's skull would not be lost, he conveyed it to M. Aste d'Esparbes, an old acquaintance, and made him solemnly promise to rejoin it to Victor Noir's skeleton in the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise.

Then, on the day Paris celebrated the joyous Fete of the Ascension, the painter bought a piece of rope and a revolver and went to the Bois de Boulogne. The big park wore a Spring-festival aspect. The young leaves shook at the touch of a slow and gentle breeze, gardens were thick with butterflies and flowers, lovers wandered hand in hand by the artificial lakes, cascades sparkled in the May sunshine, picnickers made merry on the grass. Here, in the Allee des Fortifications, Robert Noir was found hanging from a tree, his head pierced by a bullet. Six days later the tomb of Victor Noir, his uncle, was opened to receive its long-missing skull, and the painter of melancholy pictures was laid to rest in the same sepulchre.

The name of Victor Noir figures tragically in the annals of the Third Republic. Victor was born in 1848 at Attigny in the Vosges, his real name being Yvan Salmon. He began his career as a clockmaker, and as the time was out of joint endeavored to set it right by attacking the imperial regime in the columns of the "Journal de Paris," "Corsaire," "Figaro," "Rappel" and "La Marseillaise."

On January 10, 1870, Paschal Grousset, the editor of "La Revanche" (The Revenge), sent Victor Noir and Ulrich de Fonvielle to Prince Pierre-Napoleon Bonaparte, then living at Auteuil, to demand that he make a retraction of a scurrilous article against the "Revanche" appearing over his name in "L'Avenir de la Corse." This mission was not without danger, as Prince Bonaparte was notorious for his violent character. At one time he had been imprisoned at Rome for shooting a guard, and later, in Albania, during a brawl, had killed two men and wounded a third.

When Victor and his companion arrived at Auteuil the choleric Corsican was expecting a visit from the seconds of Henri Rochefort. This vigorous pamphleteer had recently provoked him by an article in "La Marseillaise" and the Prince had challenged him to a duel. He greeted Grousset's emissaries with insults, gave Noir a blow in the face and, whipping out a revolver, shot him dead. Then he fired at de Fonvielle, but failed to bring him down, the ball grazing his leg.

No sooner did the news of the assassination reach the capital than feeling rose to a revolutionary pitch. "La Marseillaise," which had featured many of Victor's incendiary diatribes, branded the Prince a "Borgia" and a "bandit," whereupon its editions were promptly confiscated by order of the Emperor. A public funeral was planned for Noir at Paris, with interment at Pere-Lachaise, but the government, fearing an uprising, refused to allow the body to be buried in the city. The obsequies, held in the cemetery of Neuilly were attended by 200,000, and only the cool head of Rochefort prevented the mourners from marching "en masse" on the Tuileries.

It was not until 1886 that the Third Republic, which dated its birth from Noir's death, decided to transfer his remains from the little graveyard of Neuilly-sur-Seine to a befitting tomb at Paris in the famous Pere-Lachaise cemetery. Later, in 1891, a striking bronze monument by Dalou was erected here to his memory from the money raised in 1870 by public subscription.

The exhumation was conducted in the presence of the novelist Louis Noir, brother of Victor, and a police commissary. The bones of the ill-fated hero were put in a small box and placed in a carriage waiting to take them to Paris. While the grave-diggers and the official were arranging the little coffin in the vehicle, the novelist suddenly conceived an idea more bizarre than any in his wildest romances.

Unobserved, Louis snatched up a tool-basket by the open grave, dropped a gold-piece there in payment, hurried to the hearse, climbed in and sat down by his brother's coffin. The police commissary took the seat outside by the driver and they started off. As the carriage rumbled over the stones of the Avenue de Neuilly, Louis Noir, the celebrated author of "Le Coupeur de Tetes" (The Head-Chopper), pried open the coffin-lid with his knife, removed the skull, hid it in the tool-basket, and then replaced the lid.

After the remains—minus the head—had been duly deposited in the new grave, the novelist left Pere-Lachaise, bearing away to his home at Bois-le-Roi the precious "memento mori." There, with tears in his eyes, he opened the basket before his wife and son, exclaiming:

"Poor Victor! You shall not be separated from me any longer. Here I can speak to you each day. Ah, how cruel it would have been for me to leave you out there in the graveyard!"

The skull was put under a glass globe on the study mantel, where it remained till the romancer's death. Like the loving widow in certain South Sea Island tribes, who secures the skull of the late lamented and suspends it round her neck, Louis Noir regarded the souvenir as an inestimable treasure. It seemed to keep him in relation with his brother whom he had loved so dearly.

The funeral acquisition in the household made a profound impression on young Robert Noir, who was constitutionally predisposed to melancholy and had already begun to exhibit paintings heart-rending in their delineation of misery and despair. At night when his father was busy writing, he would often steal into the study and pass long hours before his uncle's skull, lost in contemplation of its fathomless eyes.

The morbid nature of the artist may further be seen from the fact that he had changed his name of "Ernest" to "Robert" out of admiration for Leopold Robert, that unhappy genius who dipped his brushes in darkness and ended by cutting his throat after creating a masterpiece—"Pecheurs." Poignant in its grief, this picture representing a group of wretched fishermen of Chioggia with their half-starved wives and children was always a favorite with Noir.

Robert Noir never sought out his subjects in the homes of the rich, like Van Dongen, but in the haunts of beggary, in hospital-wards. Life's cripples—not princesses and marquises—were his chosen models. He painted the children of the poor—little flower-vendors, gamins, orphans, outcasts whose hollow eyes, sunken cheeks and emaciated forms fascinated him. He had a great pity for these creatures condemned to privation and, pessimist though he was, he did not expand with cheer, like Schopenhauer, in depicting the world's misery.

Since his father's death, the artist had given the place of honor in his studio to his uncle's skull, and the shadow from its empty sockets that had darkened Louis Noir's last romances, now seemed to envelop in eternal night the canvasses the son began offering the public.

Robert Noir was not the first to taste the fascination of death before he died. Monks in the Middle Ages pored over death's-heads; the Moorish King Al-Motadhed, a poet of no mean merit, drank inspiration at his feasts out of a bejewelled cup made from a skull; Quarles, author of "Midnight Meditations," raised about him an artificial emotion of death, with grisly relics from the graveyard; the poet Young wrote best by lamp-light with a skull placed before him on his table; and Dr. Donne had a figure of himself painted in a shroud and laid by his bedside in a coffin to remind him of his mortality.

As years elapsed, the painter exhibited less frequently. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, and when his mother died, after a long illness, he withdrew from the world and locked himself up in his studio. The only one, apparently, who could draw him out of his seclusion was little Henriette, the daughter of his concierge. The author had fallen in love with the child's dark eyes and tender smile, and the last picture he painted he gave to her. And it was when Noir learned that the girl's parents intended to take her away from Paris and live in the country that he resolved, in a sudden fit of despair, to end his life.

Six days after his suicide the last wishes of Robert Noir, in regard to the reburial of his uncle's skull at Pere-Lachaise, were faithfully carried out by M. Aste d'Esparbes in the presence of M. Le Guyon de Penaros, police commissary of the Picpus Quarter. On the same day, following a brief service at the Church of St. Philippe-du-Roule, the suicide painter's body was placed in the same family vault beside that of Victor Noir.

Among the mourners present were the sculptor Louis de Monard, Leandre the designer, the painter Jean d'Esparbes, Professor Tissier, Edmond Haraucourt of the Cluny Museum, and Raoul Ponchon of the Goncourt Academy. A beautiful crown of flowers was sent by the Salon of Humorists, which had tried to dispel the artist's dejection in the past by admitting his sombre tableaux to its exhibitions.

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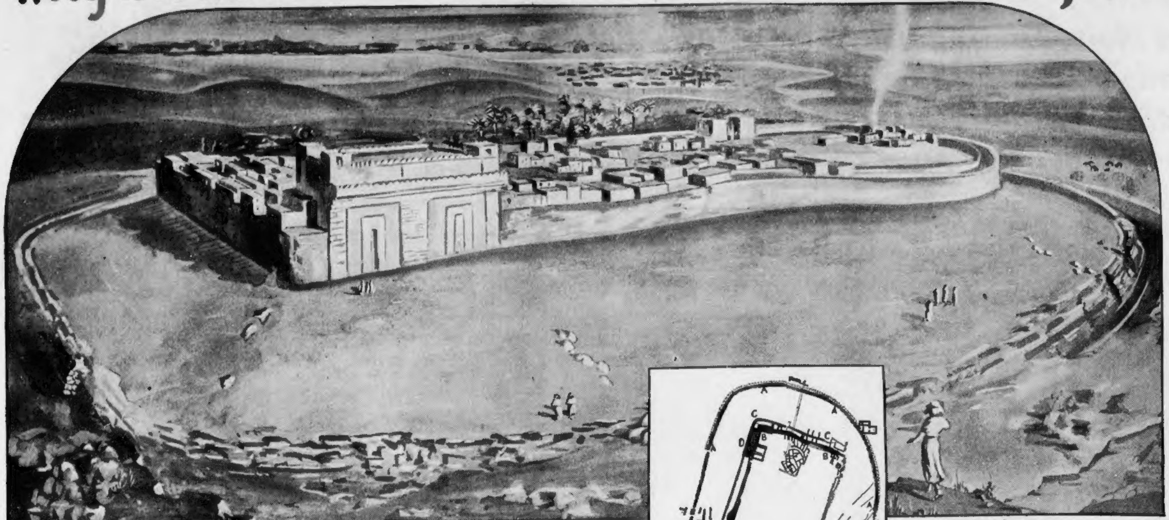
Why the Walls of Jericho Fell When Joshua's Trumpets Blew



Jericho as It Was When Joshua Conquered It. A Reconstruction Drawing by M. Ratcliffe, Based on the Latest Archeological Evidence Discovered by Professor John Garstang, the Distinguished British Archeologist. The City Covered About Six Acres and the Walls Which Fell Before Joshua Were Made of Brick. Surrounding the Foot of the Mound on Which the City Stood Are Ruins of the Walls of an Older City Which Covered About Twelve Acres.

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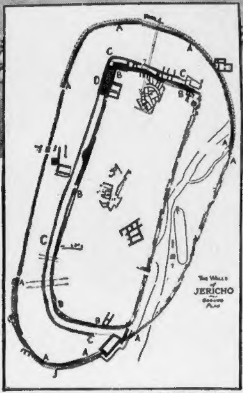
Excavations on the Site of the Ancient Biblical City Reveal Evidence That the Ramparts Were Being Secretly Undermined While the Israelite Host Marched Round Them Daily to Divert the Mystified Canaanites' Attention From the Sappers



A Ground Plan of the Walls of Jericho. "A" Is the Outer Stone Rampart Dating From About 2000 B. C.; "B" and "C" Are the Double Lines of Brick Walls Which Were the Inner Defences of the City and Which Fell Before the Israelite Hosts.

The Excavations on the Mound of Jericho Where Remains Were Found of Houses on the Ancient Walls, Similar to That in Which Rahab Hid the Spies of Joshua.

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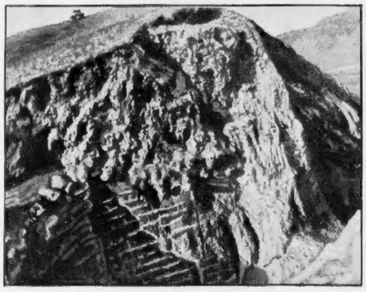
> "So the people (of Israel) shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets; and it came to pass . . . that the walls fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city (of Jericho) every man straight before him, and they took the city.
>
> "And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword."
>
> —*Joshua 6:20, 21.*



Upper Portion of This Photograph Shows the Ruins of the Very Walls Which Joshua Caused to Fall. At the Left Are Remains of the Older Brick Walls Dating Back to About 2,000 B. C.

Rahab Saving the Spies of Joshua, Who Had Entered Jericho and Who Took Back to the Jewish General the Information Which Enabled Him to Conquer the Strong City. From Drawing by Julius Schnorr.

THE falling of the walls of the strong Canaanite city of Jericho when the trumpets of Joshua blew and the besieging host of Israelites "shouted with a great shout," has long been considered by many to be one of the great miracles of the Bible; but many others have tried to find some natural rather than supernatural explanation for their collapse. And now recent excavations on the site of the ancient city by Professor John Garstang, the distinguished British archeologist, have suggested what is considered the most reasonable natural explanation yet brought forward.

The discoveries of Dr. Garstang have also made possible a complete scientific reconstruction of Jericho as it was when Joshua conquered it, and a photograph of this reconstruction is reproduced on this page.

The walls of Jericho did indeed fall precisely as the Bible describes, but their fall now appears to have been due largely to Joshua's perhaps inspired knowledge of military strategy and mob psychology, and his remarkable abilities as a stage-manager.

While for six days the Israelites marched solemnly around the city, the soldiers silent and only the trumpets blowing, sappers were at work burrowing under the walls and undermining them. The marching was to divert the attention of the mystified citizens of Jericho from these sappers. On the seventh day, the undermining operations were completed. Timber had been set in place in the tunnels to brace the weakened walls until the appointed time. Tinder was in readiness to set fire to these supports, so that when they burned the walls would collapse.

On the seventh day it was more than ever necessary to keep the eyes of the people of the doomed city from any signs of the activities under their walls, and to close their ears to any sounds of final preparations. Therefore Joshua on that day staged a greater spectacle than any of the preceding days. Seven times the Israelites marched around Jericho, the weapons of the soldiers clashing, the trumpets blowing. Everybody was on the walls watching and wondering what it could all mean.

Then came the seven clarion blasts of the ram's horn trumpets—the signal to the hidden men to light the fires which would destroy the supporting beams of wood and cause the walls to collapse. The fires were lighted, and to the shouting of Joshua's host the walls of Jericho did fall, just as the Bible tells.

Dr. Garstang found the remains of these very walls. Even though 3,000 years have passed since they came crashing down, evidences of this undermining were still plain.

Patiently tracing these fortifications of Joshua's time, Professor Garstang found that although Jericho might have been considered a large city in ancient times, it certainly would not be so considered today. It covered only six acres. This is approximately 274,000 square feet. If the city had been built as a square it would have been 523 feet on each side. There are some single buildings in the United States which cover almost as much ground. The American Museum of Natural History in New York has fifteen acres of floor space. And any one of the larger office buildings in New York, Chicago or San Francisco houses a population greater than Jericho possessed when the Israelites destroyed it.

Even the seven times they marched around it on the seventh day was little more than a pleasant stroll. They covered 14,672 feet or not quite three miles.

Once upon a time, about 1800 to 2000 B. C., Jericho had taken up twelve acres. In Joshua's day it stood upon a high mound, commanding a view of the level plains around it. The remains of the older fortifications ran around the base of the mound. A deep fosse, or ditch had then been dug at their outer base as another defense. But this city had been destroyed, also by sack and fire. Its site had been raked over and much of the debris built into the mound of the newer and smaller city.

One of the explanations of the fall of the walls has been that the tramping around it once each day for six days and then seven times on the seventh day, together with the trumpet blasts and shouting, caused vibrations which weakened them and made them collapse. There is a scientific possibility in this. Soldiers marching over bridges, for example, are commanded to "break step," otherwise the rhythmic, regular stamp of their feet would act like an enormous sledge-hammer and bring down the structure. But Professor Garstang found that Jericho had two walls — the outer six feet thick and the inner twelve feet thick. No physicist would accept the theory of destruction by vibration of two such walls as these.

Professor Garstang's discoveries also rule out the explanation that an earthquake toppled them over.

Biblical scholars have remarked the curious repetition of the number seven in the story of the destruction of Jericho, as told in the sixth chapter of Joshua. The army marches around the walls seven days. On the seventh day it makes the circuit seven times; seven priests march before the ark of the covenant blowing seven trumpets, sounding these seven times on the seventh day. To emphasize the trumpet blasts the marchers were instructed by Joshua to parade in silence until the time set for the shouting.

All this, it is now suggested, showed profound knowledge of psychology on the part of the great Jewish general. It is sound military strategy to "keep the enemy guessing." If to uncertainty can be added fear, then the enemy is already beaten. Besides covering up the sappers, the daily parades had this end in view also. It is possible that on the first day of the circling of their walls, the people of Jericho looked on with amusement. But not so when the mysterious ceremony was repeated on the second and third days. Why were the marchers so sinisterly silent? Why did the trumpets blow only seven blasts? What fearful spell were these invaders casting upon them? What dread magic were they practicing against them?

The number seven was shrewdly chosen. It was considered the mystic, sacred number by many of the ancient peoples, among them the Canaanites. The inhabitants of Jericho must have counted the days as the Israelites paraded, and have watched the progress toward the seventh day with increasing superstitious dread.

When on the seventh day the soldiers circled not once but seven times and the walls fell to the seven blasts from the seven rams' horns there must have been a panic within the city that made the ruthless slaughter an easy matter. There is no evidence that Joshua lost a single soldier in the fight.

Further evidence of the undermining was the discovery that the walls fell outward, making the entry of the besiegers into the city easier than if they had collapsed upon themselves, or fallen inward. This was always a condition aimed at by sappers of ramparts in ancient warfare. And it was the reason the soldiers of Joshua were able to go into the city "every man straight before him," as the Bible story puts it, because the fallen walls were like a great ramp leading straight into Jericho.

"As to the main facts of the Bible narrative, there can be no doubt," Dr. Garstang states unequivocally. "When Jericho of the age of Joshua was overwhelmed, its walls fell outward down the steep slopes of the mound, making it readily possible for the attackers to enter the city, which was then destroyed by fire."

Dr. Garstang also calls attention to the fact that he found houses built into the walls of defense. This is powerful confirmation of the story of Rahab and the two spies in Joshua 2:15—"For her (Rahab's) house was upon the town wall, and she lived upon the wall."

The two spies had been sent by Joshua into Jericho to study its strength and weaknesses, and, as the Bible says, Joshua 2:1—"They went and came into an harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there."

It was a wise choice for at least one reason—being so close to the walls made it easier to escape, if necessity arose. They further gained the good will of Rahab by promising her that when Jericho was captured they would save her and her father and mother, brothers and sisters. When the King of Jericho's officers, having heard of the presence of the spies, went to Rahab's house and asked her about them she lied, saying that the men had left at dark, just before the city's gates closed, but that she did not know where they had gone.

Before that, she had taken them up to the flat roof of the house, and hidden them under some flax that was drying there. When the officers had departed, after searching her house in vain, Rahab let the men down by a rope from her window, so that they could return to Joshua. The spies told Rahab to tie the scarlet rope by which she had let them down on the outside of her window, so that the besiegers would know the house which to spare, warning her to bring all her family into her home, for thus only would they be safe.

After hiding in the mountains, as Rahab had suggested, the spies returned to Joshua telling him: "Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; for even all the inhabitants of the country do faint because of us."

This meant they had found that the inhabitants of Jericho were already terror-stricken at the approach of the Israelites. It was, it is suggested, upon this hint that Joshua contrived his daily parades working up to the panic-producing spectacle of the seventh day.

When Jericho had been laid in ashes Joshua said: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first born, and in his youngest son shall be set up the gates of it." (Joshua 6:26).

Strangely enough this prophecy was fulfilled in the tenth century, more than four hundred years after the death of Joshua, when:

"In his (Ahab's) days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho; he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun." Kings, 16:34.

This striking fulfilment of prophecy has been proved true, through a discovery made by Professor Garstang, for he has laid bare a human body which was evidently sacrificed upon the rearing of the city-wall wherein it was buried. This was no unusual practice in Canaan, for similar burials under the walls of cities and houses have been found at Gezer and other places.

Professor Garstang is not yet satisfied with what he has discovered in the ruins of Jericho. He has returned there to uncover more of the walls and houses and search for further light upon the history of this important ancient Palestinian city. Jericho was on the southern caravan route to the East, and many were the caravans that stopped there as they went to Babylonia, or returned to Egypt. Because of its importance Dr. Garstang has a right to expect that he will find much of value dealing with the life of the Canaanites before Joshua destroyed the city and also after it was rebuilt.

If "Marriages are made in Heaven" There's Carelessness Somewhere

Mr. Arterburn Meant to Marry Nellie Jensen, but Got Her Older Sister, Hilda; James Craven Married All Six Lamprecht Sisters; Anna Wales Snyder Married the Wrong Carrington Brother First; "Count" Filipponi Wooed Pretty Maxine Stresenreuter, but Married Her Mother

James H. Arterburn, Who Courted and Won Hilda Jensen by Mail, but Thought He Was Wooing Her Younger Sister Nellie (Right). He Went Ahead With the Wedding Anyhow, but Now Mrs. Arterburn Charges That He Has Abandoned Her and the Baby, Alice Ann (Shown at Left).

Audrey Baker, Who Found Herself Married to Her Sister Nedra's Sweetheart, but Thought She Was Only Helping Nedra by Impersonating Her at the Wedding Because Nedra Couldn't Get Off From Work That Day.

The Attractive Maxine Stresenreuter (Right) Was Courted by the Eager but Bogus "Count" Filipponi, and Yet at the Last Minute the "Count" Married the Wealthy Mother (Left), Who Looks Not Much Older Than the Daughter.

Harblean and Ivadell Kramer. Harblean Had Her Nose Tilted So Her Sweetheart Could Not Possibly Confuse Her With Her Twin Sister.

Mrs. Campbell Carrington, Who First Married Campbell's Brother, Colonel Edward C. Carrington.

"YOUR Honor, it was a dreadful shock when I realized that I was stuck with the older sister of the girl I loved," said James H. Arterburn, Nebraska travelling salesman, sadly. "But," he continued, "what else could a gentleman do? It was awful, but I had to marry her."

Judge Rhoades, of the Omaha District Court, thought he had heard all the various excuses offered by husbands for deserting wives, but this was a new one. If marriages are made in Heaven, then something had gone wrong with the celestial card-index system or Dan Cupid, the little god with the bow, must have been cross-eyed when he fired that arrow.

The fatal mistake that headed the young man toward his strange love-martyrdom happened in the Summer of 1927. Arterburn, at the time, was dashing about the country scouting for likely locations in which to open new branches of a chain grocery system in Nebraska. As Concordia is just across the line in Kansas he investigated that town. One glance at the main street told him that Concordia had all the chain stores it needed. That left him with an empty afternoon on his hands and nothing to do but attend a baseball game with a friend he happened to run into.

Mr. Arterburn attended the game but hardly saw it because right near him sat such a pretty and fascinating girl that he fell in love with her at first sight. It was Miss Jensen and, fortunately, his friend knew the lovely person and introduced him. There was plenty more to the Jensen family, including an older sister. After the game he escorted the two sisters to their front gate, trying to be equally polite to both, but having eyes only for the younger.

As he hurried back to the other side of Nebraska, the sweet face of that girl haunted Arterburn until finally he had to sit down and frankly tell her so in a letter. That letter was addressed to Miss Hilda Jensen. He could not remember any other names in the family nor faces either, but what of it? By return mail came a very nice reply, revealing with maidenly modesty that the young travelling man had possibly made some slight impression himself. Incidentally Hilda mentioned that her sister Nellie thought he was nice. So that was the older sister's name—he must always remember to ask politely for Nellie.

Hilda and Jimmie corresponded with increasing warmth for several weeks and then, with her mother's approval, he was invited to call and get acquainted with the family. The young man accepted eagerly but, alas, he was sent by his employers to places far from Concordia. However, at his suggestion they exchanged photographs. Jimmie had his taken specially for the occasion but Hilda sent one in which she had sat with her sister Nellie. He hardly recognized the sister's features at all but his beloved's were just like the image in his heart. Had he been an artist he could have painted her portrait from memory.

Inspired by the picture the love-smitten Jimmie proposed by letter. It had been a correspondence wooing through no fault of his; would she accept him by mail, too? She did. The happy man told his employers, who promised him an extra liberal vacation for his marriage and honeymoon, as soon as he could tell them the date, but meanwhile he would have to hustle harder than ever.

Jimmie tried to get the date set for April, 1928, but Hilda wrote that it takes a girl a lot of time to prepare for the most important event of her life. She could not possibly be ready before July 10. As that date approached, the impatient groom was relieved to see signs indicating that his bride had no idea of changing her mind. Not only had the trousseau been carefully assembled but it would be a church wedding, the event had been announced in the papers, invitations and formal engraved announcements issued, the minister engaged, bridesmaids were having their gowns fitted and the first presents had begun to arrive.

A week before the great event Arterburn had his first piece of luck. His company sent him so near to Concordia that he was able to rush out one afternoon and spend the evening with his bride-to-be. He wrote the good news in advance and, when he had registered at the hotel, called her on the telephone. It was the first time he had spoken to her since they had met and her voice did not quite fit his recollection. But then she was probably all nervous and excited and perhaps his voice sounded strange, too.

As Arterburn stepped out of his taxi at the same gate where he had last seen his beloved, the front door flew open and there stood a sweetly smiling and blushing woman.

"Jimmie!" she cried softly and held out her arms.

"Hilda!" he answered, but instantly realized that it was not the girl of his dreams but her older sister. He blushed but the young woman seemed not to have noticed his blunder. They shook hands and the young man gave her a chaste kiss because she seemed to expect it. He had heard that young men often have to support in-laws, perhaps one had to kiss them, too. It was evidently all right because just then most of the rest of the family turned up and seemed to approve of the kiss. But where was his bride?

"Where is your sister?" Jimmie asked.

"O, Sis, she has been over at Salina for the last couple of weeks, but she'll be back for the wedding," was the somewhat indifferent answer.

"Well, I should hope so," gasped the groom.

"Oh, sure, don't worry about that," said the sister, "Nellie has got to be here. She's my maid of honor."

"Nellie? Did you say Nellie?"

"Sure, why not? Don't you like Nellie?"

Mr. Arterburn suddenly collapsed into the nearest chair, turned white and made gulping sounds. They thought he was sick, perhaps the heat, or overwork. Kind hands brought him a cup of tea, still kinder ones a glass of brandy. He needed it.

The groom now realized what he had done. He had gotten the names of the sisters mixed. He was in love with the younger sister, Nellie, but by some awful fate had proposed to and been accepted by the older sister, Hilda. What could he do? Break through this circle of kindly anxious faces, dash out the door and never come back unless Nellie wanted him? The trousseau had been bought, the church, minister and everything else engaged and the whole town was waiting expectantly.

"And so I had to go through with it," he ruefully told the court. But he did not stay with it very long. After a little more than a year and the arrival of a baby, he departed and now is facing the charge of abandonment.

The novelty about Arterburn's case lay in how he fell into his blunder and that he used it as an excuse for desertion. Marrying the wrong woman by mistake or trickery seems to be as old as marriage itself.

The Book of Genesis relates one of the first instances of a man forced to marry the sister of the girl he loved. When Jacob fled from Beersheba, because of his brother's, Esau's, wrath at Jacob's deception in receiving the blessing their father, Isaac, intended for Esau, he went to Padan-Aram and obtained refuge with Laban, brother of Rebekka, his mother. Laban had two daughters, Leah and Rachel. Jacob fell in love with Rachel, the younger, and offered to serve Laban seven years to marry her.

At the end of the seven years, there was a great wedding feast and Laban brought the elder daughter, Leah, to Jacob. Love being blind, he did not discover the substitution until morning. Laban's excuse was that "It must not be so done in our country, to give the younger before the first born." (Gen. 29:26)

Jacob had to bind himself to Laban for another seven years before he could get Rachel for his bride, and then he found himself with two wives, only one of whom he loved. So he felt justified later in tricking his father-in-law out of most of his herds and driving them off to the land of Canaan.

There is some evidence that sisters are often sufficiently alike so that, perhaps, marrying the wrong one is not such a tragedy as it would seem. There is the old and celebrated case of James Craven, who was so well pleased with his first sample of the Lamprecht sisters that, one after another, he married the entire six of them and never married any others. The sextuple romance began in 1876 in Montana, which then was wild and full of "bad Injuns." When James Craven moved out there and established a trading post, the nearest white family was the Lamprechts with six daughters, the oldest Nora, of marriageable age.

Her parents were glad to have young Craven marry Nora because an Indian half-breed had been paying unwelcome attentions and this would settle him. But it didn't. The Indian settled the bride with a bullet.

Four years later Craven married Nora's sister, Marie, only to have the half-breed shoot her, too. Thinking that even a half-breed would not be mean enough to kill three brides, Craven married Effie Lamprecht only to have a third bride shot out of his arms by the same villain. Somewhat discouraged the widower returned to Ohio, where girls were more plentiful and there were no bride-shooting Indians. But nobody looked good to Craven so after a while he returned and married Helen Lamprecht. However, this time he prudently ambushed the redskin and put a bullet through his jealous heart. But Helen took sick and died from natural causes.

Having buried and mourned her, he married the next sister in line of seniority, Bertha. Just as Bertha had proved herself to be as nice as any of her predecessors, she was thrown from a horse and killed. In 1906 Craven married Lena, at Mt. Gilead, Ohio, and after the ceremony remarked:

"You are the sixth and last Lamprecht. I'll have to be durn careful of you."

Women sometimes marry the wrong brother. In 1918, Col. Edward C. Carrington and his brother Campbell, both millionaire New York publishers, met, fell in love with and courted simultaneously Anna Wales Snyder, beautiful divorcee and former actress. The Colonel succeeded in getting her to the altar but she had guessed wrong. A few months after the wedding, they separated. The husband calling to see if things could be fixed up met his brother coming out and gave him such a caning that he went to the hospital.

There were suits for divorce, alienation of affections, assault and battery and others. The net result was that Anna received a divorce and $100,000 and promptly married the other brother.

The twin sisters, Harblean and Ivadell Kramer, well-known on the stage, looked so much alike that their sweethearts could not tell them apart. One night in the semi-darkness back-stage Harblean found Ivadell in the arms of a man who turned out to be Harblean's own sweetheart. His excuse was that he thought he was kissing Harblean. She finally accepted the explanation, but to prevent any more such errors she went to a beauty doctor and had her nose tilted so it could not possibly be mistaken for Ivadell's.

Miss Audrey Baker thought it would be all right to run down to City Hall and marry her sister's fiance, Ernest T. Sherry, "by proxy," because her sister Nedra was too busy that afternoon to get away and do her own marrying. But after the honeymoon, Nedra found she was not married and that her obliging but not-at-all interested sister is probably the legal Mrs. Sherry.

At Palm Beach, in the Winter of 1927, the wealthy Mrs. Frank Stresenreuter found that Count Carlo Filipponi was paying serious attentions to her daughter Maxine, freshly divorced from Gordon Culver, the millionaire stove manufacturer. Mrs. Stresenreuter decided that this dashing young Italian nobleman would be a better match for herself than for her daughter and in spite of Maxine's tears, married him. But the laugh was on Mama, after all, when they were informed that the count's title was imaginary. ■

Secrets of London's Most No

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of Mrs.
Mother's Often-Raided Su
Reveals Episodes Behin
Rich and Fashio

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps no name is better known in London than Mrs. Ka rick, proprietor of several famous night clubs, has three times served a prison term for defying th serving liquor and keeping open after hours.

And while the illustrious mother was in her priso sion, Miss May Meyrick, her daughter, managed the

In these most exciting meeting grounds of th circles and the underworld, where champagne splas walls and there is enough ice in the cocktail shakers care of a fever hospital, Miss May met and soon marri Kinnoull. Thus the Night Club Queen's daughter b member of the British Peerage; indeed, another d

Lord Kinnoull, Husband of the Countess of Kinnoull, in His Peer's Robes.

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The Honorable Elsie Mackay, Daughter of Lord Inchcape, Who Was Lost in Her Aeroplane in the Atlantic Ocean.

Lady Hamilton Grant, Representing "Spilling the Salt," a Superstition Dating from the Days of the Roman Empire.

Miss Betty Hulton, in Fancy Dress, as "Crossed Knives," the Sign of Bad Luck.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull

Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin, Baroness Hay of Kinfauns, Baroness Hay of Balhousie and Baroness Hay of Pedwardine.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

TRULY astonishing ingenuity is shown and needed by the big, gilt-edged gambling dens of London in order to postpone as long as possible the inevitable police raid.

These de luxe palaces of chance, where one may play for almost any stakes, maintain a staff of men and women whose business is to induce persons of wealth to patronize them. As so many guests of our night clubs were of that desirable sort I was in pretty close touch with what went on in those carefully guarded gaming sanctums. Nobody really knows what the average gambling house profits are any more than one knows those of a burglar or an American bootlegger, because they are equally illegal and pay no taxes.

However, they must be enormous. From what I see and hear, five or six months is about the average time one of the highest class places lasts before it is raided. The building itself is costly to rent, costs a small fortune to fit up, a weekly small fortune to run and after the raid the fixtures and gambling paraphernalia are a total loss. From this anyone can imagine how huge the daily profits must be in order to write all these off in a few months.

One of the most cunningly masked gaming places in London was in Portland Place, quite near the residence of Edgar Wallace, the famous crime-mystery writer. Portland Place is the widest street in London. It is just north of Oxford Circus and its houses are among the biggest and most spacious in the West End. It was reported of Rosie Dolly, of the Dolly Sisters, that on being driven up Portland Place one afternoon, she looked up innocently at the seven-story mansions and remarked to her companion:

"I do think these little tenements in London are just too cute for anything."

One day the policeman patrolling that beat learned that someone had rented a very nice house on Portland Place and though the house was furnished was bringing in much more furniture. Being a faithful man he asked further and found that the man was a Mr. Falke, quite well known in society, just the proper and natural sort of person to take such a nice big house, which would probably rent for about $30,000 a year.

Falke had no sooner moved in than he began to be one of the steadiest and heaviest entertainers of the season. There was nothing strange about that. Presumably his wife had inflamed social ambitions. It seemed that most every night he had a big dinner and many of the guests were of such prominence that their names were usually printed in the papers next morning. That careful policeman noted that the guests were in fact the ones reported and had the suspicion entered his mind that they had assembled for gambling or any other illegal purpose, a moment's reflection would have disproved it. They were not that sort; in fact, among them were several eminent ecclesiastics. The best of wine flowed at these affairs but nothing was said or done that would not have borne the scrutiny of Scotland Yard.

Nevertheless, that policeman grew suspicious in time and one evening the house was raided by the police, to the virtuous indignation of a large party of wealthy, titled and respectable guests who, after a delightful dinner, were dancing to the strains of an expensive band. They protested against "the monstrous conduct of the police in intruding on a private dance." There was among those guests a certain highly placed official of the Home Secretary's Department, and he, in perfect ignorance of the truth, actually threatened to have the police inspector and his men all dismissed.

Falke was charged with running a gambling den, and one titled and elderly woman was so indignant at the charge, even then, that she promptly offered to put up the $2,500 bail which the magistrate imposed. When the day for the trial came on it was found that Falke had "jumped his bail." He bolted to France, where, so far as I know, he still is. The $2,500 of the titled lady was forfeited, but in fairness to Falke, I must add that he did eventually send her the $2,500, as, of course, he could well afford to do, for he must have cleaned up many tens of thousands.

The raiders had found that behind heavy doors and sound-proof partitions upstairs Falke had been running baccarat, roulette and chemin-de-fer for stakes almost as high as one would look for at Monte Carlo. Also he had a bar, where everything was free and an upstairs kitchen, where the guests could order most any light food their hearts desired, also free.

No matter how cleverly a thing is camouflaged, if it is wrong it will betray itself to a sharp eye such as that of the Portland Place policeman. He saw those obviously irreproachable guests arrive rather close together and depart, mostly together. This, he knew, was the normal behavior of guests but he also saw that men and women in twos and threes came and went at all hours of the night. These were a sober, serious-looking, well-dressed set and some he recognized as quite as important and wealthy as any of the others. But they were sportier and that coming and going was all wrong. His superiors thought it queer, too, set a watch on the house and the raid resulted. The dinners and guests had been just a blind.

One of our patrons at the Little Club was an English peer, whom we will call Lord X. One evening, after a long absence in the United States and Canada, he turned up at the club, spoke to another guest and in a few minutes went out with him. The next time he dropped in I mentioned that he had escaped before I had found time to welcome him.

"Yes," he said, "and what an experience I had. That friend was one I had met in various places in the world but never seen in London before. He told me that a new gambling den had opened up in some old duffer's home and suggested that we go there and take a flutter. I went with him and did not catch the address he gave the taxi driver, but imagine my surprise when the car stopped in front of my own house and my friend led me up my own front steps.

"It was all I could do to keep from saying that there must be some mistake. I had my own latchkey in my pocket, but I said nothing and let my friend ring my own bell. A strange servant opened the door a crack, looked coldly at me but recognized my friend, who introduced me by my right name, title and all.

"I thought that would surely make the servant start but it did not seem to bother him at all. He proceeded to let me into my own house, which I soon found had been converted into a first-class gambling den. The explanation was that during my absence I had let a real estate firm rent it for me, and naturally they had forgotten to mention to me, if they knew it, that the tenant was going to make my home into a gambling hell. The woman who was running it did not know who owned it either and was all smiles when we were introduced. If the police had raided just then and found me in there I wonder how I would have ever explained."

The peer was a good sport, said nothing and was rewarded by winning nearly $1,000. However, he did force the lady to move as soon as the month was up. Another quite eminent member of the House of Lords did not fare quite so well.

At the time I was running the Broadway Club in 1924, a man, an old Etonian, started to pay me great attention and he was most persistent in begging me to have supper with him. I told him I was much too busy.

"As a matter of fact, I can hardly find time to see my own intimate friends," I said. But when I refused his invitation to lunch also one day, he got really furious.

"I've got a serious business proposition to make to you," he said. "It's a money-making affair, and you'll be sorry if you don't let me tell you about it."

"It's just because I am trying to make some money that I am too busy to lunch with you," I told him. And the matter ended there, for the time being.

About two months later, however, I read something in the papers which arrested my attention. For it gave the name of this man who had been so persistent in his invitations and who had wanted to make me a business proposition. Another peer, whom we will call Lord Y., had rented his house furnished while he was away, just as Lord X. had done. On returning to London he came to his front door to repossess the premises. After prolonged ringing brought no response, he went off and brought back his own valet and a solicitor's clerk, with whom he managed to break into his house. Inside they found things dark and in a wretched state of disorder from which they were distracted by sepulchral groans issuing from the dark drawing-room. In there lying on a sofa they found a man whom Lord Y. recognized as the individual who had taken the house. It was the man who had pestered me to go out to lunch with him and embark on the business proposition.

"What's the meaning of all this mess?" asked Lord Y. "And why did no one answer my rings?"

"I'm dying," moaned the man on the sofa. "For heaven's sake leave me alone. I'm desperately ill and I know I'm going to die. Let me die in peace."

Lord Y. went to the telephone at once, rang up a nursing home and sent the man off to it in a taxi. Then he started going through the rooms of the house. He discovered to his horror and amazement that a whole lot of very valuable old snuff boxes, antique silver and trinkets were missing. He dashed to the telephone and rang up the nursing home.

"I sent a Mr. ——— along to you a short time ago in a taxi," he said. "Has he arrived?" He was hardly surprised to receive "No" as an answer. The man had paid off the taxi when out of sight of Lord Y.'s house and disappeared. But his description was given and he was arrested and tried at the Central Criminal Court, where he was sentenced for stealing Lord Y.'s property.

Then it came out what his business proposition to me had been. This old Etonian was a man of excellent family and at one time he had run through a fortune in gambling. Having lost money as a player at chemin-de-fer and baccarat, he then thought it would be a good idea to start a gambling den and run it. That was why he had wanted me to introduce people whom I could send on from the Broadway Club.

He scraped together enough capital to rent Lord Y.'s house and to start running roulette. But he was as unlucky at running a bank as he had been in playing as a backer. He tried to recoup his losses by pawning everything of value in Lord Y.'s house that he could lay hands on

torious Night Club

Meyrick, and Manager of Her pper and Dance Resorts, d the Scenes With the nable Patrons

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Miss Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de Clifford.

"Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived in the artificial glitter of night club life ever since she graduated from fashionable Roedean School, and knows everybody of wealth and title in and out of England. She has met the best and the worst of people, and has watched the ebb and flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation and scandal which sometimes cast the victims into the divorce courts, financial ruin or a suicide's grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain of secrecy and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the famous night clubs owned and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.

Loud Voices and the Heavy Footsteps of Half a Dozen Men Made Lord Kinnoull Realize That the Gambling Establishment Was Being Raided. He Made a Dash for the Open Window in a Back Room, Climbed Out and Dropped Into the Courtyard. Here He Found a Door Which Led Into the Kitchen of the Hotel. Entering, Lord Kinnoull Made His Way Upstairs and Found Himself Confronted by an Amazed Night Porter, Who Stared at the Sight of the Figure in Very Soiled and Torn Evening Dress. Fortunately the Night Porter Knew His Lordship, and Asked: "Where on Earth Have You Come From, My Lord?"

nd all that also disappeared. Thoroughly eaned out, he had broken into His Lordship's ine cellar and was simply drowning his sorrows hen Lord Y. broke in. A gambling house, if it run honestly, can sometimes lose as well as in.

As anyone might guess, one of the most rominent figures in the gambling dens de luxe London for a while was the Honorable Elsie ackay, daughter of Lord Inchcape. She was a stless, reckless soul, who would gamble with nything she had for a thrill. Finally she gam- ed her life, with Hinchcliffe, the aviator, in an tempt to fly the Atlantic westward and lost. or a while she was on the stage under the name Poppy Wyndham, not that she needed the oney, but in search of a thrill. The stage roved too slow for this girl, eaten up with her wn nervous energy. Many a night she came to e Little Club and sometimes to the Manhattan. e was never still a moment, dancing all night ng, tiring out one partner after another. It ade me nervous to watch her.

It was this trait in her nature, I think, that d her to take up with a woman who was a regu- r visitor to the Little. This other woman was partnership with a man who ran a gambling loon in Belgravia, not far from Hyde Park cor- r. So she took Miss Mackay along there one ening.

A night or two later Miss Mackay was talk- g to us and one of my sisters and she told us:

"I never had any idea there were places in ndon where you could play baccarat and emmy for about as high stakes as at Monte rlo or Deauville. Do you know, Miss Mey- k, I saw a man who is closely connected with court lose $10,000 in a few hours. I was one the lucky ones. I made about $1,200 the er evening. I'm going back tonight after I ve here."

She did go back. And she returned many es to that place. Miss Mackay could afford of course, for you may remember that when will was proved, it was found to amount to er half a million dollars in her own right and father, Lord Inchcape, gave $250,000 to a d to be entitled the Elsie Mackay Memorial nd. At first Miss Mackay told me she had ginner's luck at the tables. But later she be- to lose, and not long before she left with nchcliffe on that fatal trip she informed me night at the club that she had lost something e $100,000 altogether in this place in Grosve- Gardens.

"It sounds a rotten thing to say, I know," she d, "but I am sure the game isn't run straight. addition to the money I've lost, I lent about ,000 to Molly S. She was terrified lest her her and fiance would get to know she had n gambling and how much she had lost. I 't suppose she will ever be able to pay me k a penny, but I don't really mind."

One of the thrills of gambling in London ms to be the ever-present danger that the ice will crash in and that next day everyone's e will be in the paper, bringing all sorts of ble, even to divorce or disinheritance. My and, Lord Kinnoull, seeing what I have ten, took occasion to inform me how he caught in one of those raids. The gambling was in St. James's, in the heart of the quarter t is celebrated for its bachelor flats and its creet" establishments.

This place was on the ground floor of a large k. Lord Kinnoull had no great sum in cash h him, but he was told he could always give check for his losses. They began to play lette. The game went fast and furious, with luck alternating for my husband, but grad- lly he lost and about two o'clock in the morn- he found himself about $700 out of pocket. said he would give a check for $1,000 and e the balance in cash so that he could play on. Hardly had he given the cheque and received money when there was a commotion outside front door. Loud voices were heard and then there tramped in half a dozen men who were obviously police. They were raiding the establishment.

My husband thought and acted quickly. He had noticed there was an open window in a back room looking onto a court. So he made a dash for it, climbed out and jumped down into the courtyard. There he found himself with no obvious way of getting out into the street. But there was a door which he could see led into the kitchen of a hotel, and it so happened that this hotel was noted for its "Bohemian" ways (I am being kind to it when I put it that way, and that my husband had participated in one or two cheery parties there from time to time.)

He tried the door and found it open, and he got into the kitchen. No one was about, for it was very late. So he made his way upstairs and found himself confronted by an amazed night porter, who stared at the sight of a figure in very soiled and torn evening dress.

Fortunately the night porter knew Lord Kinnoull.

"Where on earth have you come from, my Lord?" he asked.

"From the kitchen," said my husband, who was then my fiance. "I have just beat it from next door. There's a raid on. Look here, find me a room, and don't tell anyone I'm here. In the morning I'll want someone to go to my flat and get some clothes."

And so it was fixed up. But the problem that was set Lord Kinnoull was this: He had about $300 in cash as the balance of a check for $1,000, and he had no idea what would become of his check.. To insure that it would not be cashed by the wrong person he stopped the check next morning. And then he intended seeking out the man who had given him the change and returning it.

But he has never found him to this day. For after the raid, the man who had cashed the check beat it for the Continent, and so far as is known he has never returned to England. That police raid, therefore, paid off $700 of gaming debts for my husband and presented him with $300 as well.

One night a woman who I knew could not afford such risks, told me that she had just gambled $1,000 and doubled it. I advised her to be thankful and never go back to the green table again, but she finally ran it up to $4,000 and then I fairly begged her to stop. She promised she would as soon as it reached $10,000, with which she promised to give herself one real fling.

"But," she said, "I realize that God is being awfully good to me and it is high time that I did something to acknowledge it. So tomorrow morning I am going over to the ——— Church and give them $1,000."

I advised her not to do that either, because it would surely bring her bad luck. I don't know how people get the idea that the Almighty is sort of like a big policeman or Government official and that if you do something wrong you can fix him by giving the church part of your winnings.

"Aren't you sacrilegious!" she replied, ignoring my advice. That very next night she lost her remaining winnings and the original stake of $1,000 of her own money. Bright and early the following morning she ran around to the treasurer of the Church to see if the thousand she had given them could be returned under the sad circumstances. It could not.

Superstition is regarded as one of the last survivals of primitive man's simple mind. But my experience is that superstition still prevails more widely and more strongly than most of us realize or are willing to admit. Superstition comes out very strongly when men and women of the "upper classes," as well as others, are engaged in gambling. Some of the beliefs among men and women otherwise rather broadly intelligent are simply childish and incredible.

At a recent Hallow-e'en dinner ball at the Park Lane Hotel many women of high social position went as "Unlucky Omens." Some dressed in opals, some with other bad luck regalia, while Lady Hamilton Grant posed as "Spilling the Salt," and Miss Betty Hulton wore a rich costume as "Crossed Knives."

Kitchens are great gambler escapes when the long arm of the law reaches into one of these dens. A friend of mine was staying in a house in Granville Place, which is just off Oxford Street, near Selfridge's stores. She had a sitting room and bedroom in this house which was let out in apartments by a woman who lived on the ground floor flat.

One evening this friend of mine thought she heard a slight commotion downstairs and looking out of the window observed a crowd beginning to collect in the street. Through the crowd she saw a most frumpily dressed old woman, wearing an apron, an absurdly fitting old skirt and one of the dowdiest old bonnets imaginable crammed down over her head, scurrying away at a surprising speed for one of her age. As the old party dashed past a street lamp she caught a glimpse of another strange thing. The woman's footgear looked like expensive evening slippers.

Before my friend had time to wonder there was a heavy knock at the door. It heralded the presence of a policeman in uniform and a plain clothes man.

"Is this your room?" asked the plain clothes man.

"It is," she said. "Why?"

"How long have you lived here?" was the next question.

"About three weeks," she answered. "But, I say, what is your authority for asking me this? Who are you?"

"I'm a police officer," said the man. "We have raided the rooms on the ground floor as they have been used as a gambling saloon for a long time. We are now looking round to find one woman who has escaped somewhere."

"Well, you can take it from me she isn't here," said my friend. "I had no idea gambling was going on at all, for when I am in, I remain in my rooms here."

"That's all right, Miss," said the detective. "I'm quite satisfied. But, as a matter of form, I would just like to look in that other room." He went to the bedroom, but there was no one there, and he and the constable left.

About an hour later, the old cook of the house came up to my friend. She was breathless with excitement.

"Oh, lor', oh, lor'," she said. "What a time I've had, Miss. Do you know I've helped someone very important to escape that raid. I was in the kitchen cutting some sandwiches for those guests of the missus when I heard the row upstairs. Then a woman rushed into the kitchen and snatched the apron off me, grabbed my bonnet off the hook, and my street skirt that was hanging there. I let out a yell at this, and she says:

"'Take this and shut up, you old fool, and give me a safety pin, quick!'

"It was a ten-pound note ($50) she handed me. The next think I knew she had my skirt on her over hers, using a pin she must have found on herself and was upstairs and striding through the front hall. I could hear her yelling that she was giving her notice right then and there and that it was no respectable place for an honest cook to work in. And the police laughed and let her go. Now, God bless my soul, I've just found out from the missus that woman was Lady A—— ."

The name the cook mentioned was that of one of the most noted criminal judges in England, a man whose severity on the bench has often been commented on. This lady who had fled attired as a cook was his wife!

My friend found out later that Lady A. was

Continued on Page 1*

Fear Of Fear By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

He was here . . . his feet toward the room, his head close to the base of that standing lamp." The Colonel Was Pointing to a Tall Wrought-iron Affair Which Stood Just Inside the Curtains.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NORAH FALLON, beautiful musical comedy and picture star, is being blackmailed by Harlan Grant, a fashionable medium and astrological adviser on business, horoscopes and love affairs of Hollywood notables. Grant, who is in love with Norah, threatens to use certain details of her past which have come into his possession to try to separate her from her fiance, Dick Stoddard, a wealthy scientist.

Norah is consulting Jimmy Lane, author and amateur criminologist, and his friend Phil Carter, a lawyer, about her troubles with Grant when they receive word that the medium has been discovered dead in his seance room, his face twisted in an expression of horror.

Lane and Carter hurry to Grant's house on Russian Hill in the hope of getting the envelope which contains the information about Norah's past from the medium's files before it falls into other hands.

Jimmy Lane poses as a magazine writer anxious to do an article on Harlan Grant's work and after offering Colonel Grant, the medium's brother, fifty per cent of the proceeds, secures his consent to their going through the files for material in the morning.

As they are leaving they learn from Corrigan, a reporter, that the police believe Grant was murdered by a blow on the back of the head and are looking for Dick Stoddard, who was heard quarreling with the medium and is the last person known to have been with him. Lane is especially desirous of getting the envelope now, as it might supply the police with a motive for Stoddard's murdering Grant.

The next morning they keep their appointment with the Colonel.

CHAPTER VI.

In the Seance Room.

AS Jimmy Lane and I stood at the entrance to the seance room, the Colonel crossed the floor and drew open the heavy curtains which were hanging over a window at the far side. Before the place had been too dark for us to see clearly, but with the drawing of the curtains the afternoon light came in from the cloudy sky above and threw part of the room into gloomy relief.

It was not a particularly large room, but so cleverly handled with curtains and tricks of perspective that it seemed like a shadowy cavern stretching away into depths beyond depths. To the north a great window, nine or ten feet high, looked out over a panorama of city and bay; at the opposite end a wall mirror caught the opalescent light and threw it against the great curtains of royal blue velvet which hung from the high raftered ceiling to the floor. To left and right the room was lined with deep bookcases, and here and there, scattered about, were divans and couches, all of them low and soft cushioned.

Not at all the background one would select for spirits, at first glance, and yet, after a moment, there was something troubling about the place, something vaguely uncanny. Perhaps it was the strange effect of the window and mirror, perhaps it was the height of the raftered ceiling, or, more likely, it was the absolute stillness. Even when one moved across the floor the carpet was so thick that the footsteps were lost, swallowed, as the tide is swallowed by thirsty sand. No sound came from the street below, and even our voices seemed to be deadened by the shrouding velvet curtains. High, detached and silent, with a sort of ominous quietude, the room gave one an odd feeling of being in the fourth dimension, as though the common laws of sound were inoperative there.

"Is this where your brother's seances were held?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes; originally Harlan used a room on the ground floor, but it was so noisy he moved up here."

"I don't see any table," Jimmy remarked. "I thought all mediums used tables . . . for rappings and that sort of thing."

The Colonel smiled.

"I don't believe my brother considered himself a medium. He was more a scientific investigator. He never went in for slate writing, table rappings or trances . . . claimed they were cheap tricks."

"Just what did he do?"

"Mainly he produced exactly the right conditions so that spirits could return to earth. As I told you, I didn't exactly approve of his work. Always felt if there was such a thing it was better left alone. But, I'm bound to admit, he got amazing results. I've had chaps come down from here swearing they'd seen and talked with men and women who'd been dead for years."

"You don't say!" Jimmy was all ears. "Do you know where to find any of the people who had these experiences?"

"Yes, there's a list of my brother's clients in his files."

Jimmy's eyes strayed longingly toward the filing cases in the corner, and I knew he was itching to get at them, but he managed to dissemble his impatience and coolly lighted a cigarette.

"If we're going to work together we'd better get things down to some sort of a system," he said. "Suppose you sit at the desk with Carter and give him a rough outline of your brother's life. Where he was born and educated, as well as any little details you think might have a bearing on his occult interests. In the meantime I'll have a look at the files . . . that is, if you have no objections."

"Not the slightest," said the Colonel. "I've already gone through them and removed all his personal papers."

If he had struck Jimmy in the face the blow could not have been greater. For an instant his eyes sought mine, and I read a rueful disappointment in their depths, but he recovered himself and nodded.

"All right! Let's go."

He turned to the files and I sat down at the desk by the Colonel, who began to give me the particulars of his late brother's life in a dry, utterly emotionless voice. Since the facts were of the greatest importance later on, I think I shall give them as I wrote them up for Jimmy's benefit that night.

Harlan Melville Grant was born in Wales on April 2, 1876. His mother was Welsh, his father an American sea captain who went down with his ship, leaving two sons, one six years older than Harlan.

The shock of her husband's death seems to have affected Mrs. Grant's mind. After his passing, she began to see spirits and to claim that she was in touch with the other world. She became so successful as a medium that the Society of Psychical Research was about to send a committee to report her seances when she died suddenly in the middle of the night. According to the doctor, her death was caused by a stroke of apoplexy, but the more superstitious in the community claimed that she was murdered by the spirits she invoked.

At the time of her death the elder of her sons was twenty-two and already embarked upon a military career, while Harlan, the younger, was sixteen. He had been reared in his grandfather's gloomy old house, where seances and ghost raisings were an almost nightly occurrence. As a consequence, he was a nervous, sensitive boy who suffered from frequent nightmares. He was, unfortunately, the one to discover his mother's body after she had been dead a number of hours, and the horror of the experience threw him into a brain fever.

When he recovered, his brother had just received his commission and was leaving for India. The doctors felt that a long ocean voyage would be good for Harlan, so he was taken along. The original plan was for the younger boy to return by the next boat to England and enter school, but India seems to have had a strange fascination for him. He refused to leave, and when his brother tried to force him, he ran away and was gone for almost two years.

When he reappeared he had learned two or three Indian dialects and brought such valuable information about the hill tribes, with whom he had been living, that the Government took him into its employ. In some manner, never clearly defined, he was connected with the Indian Intelligence Service for over twenty years.

From here on the Colonel's information about his brother became extremely sketchy. There seems to have been some sort of estrangement, or it may be that the Colonel's marriage and his wife's death, which left him with a baby girl, occupied his attention.

All that the Colonel was able to tell me was that Harlan Grant spent a good deal of his time studying Hindu philosophy and metaphysics. He was, even then, groping through darkness for some ray of light on the subject of the soul after death. The two brothers seem to have made up their quarrel, or come together again about 1920. Harlan had been ill and was ordered to leave India and the Colonel had just resigned his commission and was anxious to take his daughter away from the mission-school where she had been reared. They joined forces and started for California, intending to stay there until Grant's health improved. Something about San Francisco appealed to them; after six months they agreed that they had no reason to bring them to England, and they would make the city their home.

Two years later Chanda met and married a German chemist named Otto [illegible]. The family being too large for one house, the brothers bought adjoining residences on Russian Hill. Later, Dr. Herbert Waverly, an old friend from India, came for a visit and ended by purchasing the third house on the hill.

Here my notes on Harlan Grant came to an abrupt end. You will remember I was making them at the desk in Grant's study while Jimmy Lane went through the filing cabinet. My effort, at first, was to keep the Colonel occupied, but as he went on unfolding the story of his brother's life in India, I forgot my purpose. A little of the sketchy shorthand which I had used for college notes, and still employ in moments of stress, came back to me and the even flow of his narrative was unbroken. He enjoyed, I think, reminiscing about old times and the strange, mad life his brother had led in the Orient.

"I'm not saying he was cracked, mind you. There may have been a lot in what he found out over there. I've seen things I couldn't explain myself. Ropes thrown into the air and boys shinning up 'em like monkeys; flower pots that blossomed in front of your eyes, and snakes that danced to music. 'Tricks,' I always said. But I don't know . . . I don't know. . ."

He broke off and glanced over his shoulder, almost fearfully. We had been talking so long that the afternoon light had faded, and the distant parts of the room were shrouded in shadow; only the great mirror still reflected a bit of blood-red sky.

"I've never held with my brother's ghost raising," he said. "Just the same, there have been times in this room when I've felt . . . well, hanged if I haven't felt something that put my back up."

"You mean," Jimmy spoke softly, and I realized he had left his files and come over to the desk, "you mean you've felt the 'fear of fear?'"

It was only a random shot, but it struck the mark. The Colonel swung about with an expletive.

"What made you ask that?" he demanded.

"Oh," Jimmy shrugged with slightly exaggerated casualness, "something I found in the files. The words struck me as a good description of your feelings."

For a moment the Colonel was silent; his hands were clasped on the head of his stick and, in the fading light from the window, his knuckles showed white. When he spoke it was with obvious effort.

"That was an expression of my brother's. I've never heard anyone else use it. Coming from you it was a bit of a shock."

"Do you know what he meant by it?"

"No; at least, not exactly. One day last week I was up in this room talking to Harlan about some business. . . . I handled all his affairs, you know. After a moment I realized my brother was not listening to me at all. He was sitting with his head tilted back, looking into the air above my head. I tried to call his attention to the matter in hand, but instead of listening, he asked me a question."

"What was it?"

"He asked me if I had ever felt a fear of fear."

"Is that all?" Jimmy inquired eagerly.

"No; it isn't. Before I could answer he grabbed my arm and cried out, 'That's what killed mother!'"

"And then?"

"That was all." (For the life of me I couldn't tell whether the Colonel was lying or not.) "He suddenly seemed to come to himself and went back to the business in hand."

"Have you any idea what he meant about your mother?"

"Not the slightest—unless it was the fact that her face, after death, was twisted into an expression of horror. I understand that frequently happens in apoplexy, and my brother was, unfortunately, the one to find her. A boy is naturally impressed by an experience of the sort. As I've just told Mr. Carter, he was a sensitive, hysterical type, when he was young."

"Did he outgrow it?"

"Entirely," said the Colonel decisively. "In later years he was one of the sanest and most unemotional men I've ever known, although lately . . ." He paused and shook his head. "I'll have to

(Continued on Page 13)

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 12)

After a Moment I Realized My Brother Was Not Listening to Me at All. He Was Sitting With His Head Tilted Back, Looking Into the Air Above My Head.

admit, the last few weeks he seemed a trifle upset about something."

"I wonder," Jimmy asked, "if you can remember anything about that day you talked together, the time he spoke of the 'fear of fear?' Did you notice anything unusual in the room, anything that might account for his state of mind?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"No; nothing. Hold on. I did notice something—although I laid it to my imagination at the time—there was a distinct odor of jasmine in the room."

"Jasmine!" Jimmy exclaimed, but before he could ask more there was a noise at the door and a sudden flare of light.

Insensibly the room had grown darker while we talked, until, at the moment of the interruption, we were in almost total blackness. Now the shaded lamps blossomed into light, and the shock was so great that it was almost like a physical blow. I was still blinking, half blinded, when Singh spoke from the door.

"Captain Hemming to see you, sar."

And almost immediately a second voice:

"Sorry to disturb you, Colonel, but I'm the Chief of the Detective Bureau. I've come to see you about your brother's murder."

CHAPTER VII.

The Bolted Door.

IF the Chief had intended to startle the Colonel by the suddenness of this announcement, his success was complete. For a perceptible interval the man stood, apparently stricken, the color of his face slowly changing from a healthy tan to a pasty white.

"My brother...did you say my brother's...murder?"

"I did. A post-mortem has been performed and the doctors report that he did not die a natural death."

The Colonel's face lost its unnatural pallor and flushed angrily. "By heaven, sir! You had the impudence to perform a post-mortem without notifying me?"

"It was not necessary to notify anyone. No death certificate should have been issued in the first place. The whole thing was most irregular."

The Colonel's temper was rising, and he was evidently upon the verge of exploding into one of his tirades when Jimmy saved the day. "I don't see anything irregular about it," he remarked. "Mr. Grant's own physician had warned him he was working too hard and would come a cropper if he didn't lay off. I should say he was quite justified in issuing the certificate."

The Chief glanced up, annoyed by the interruption, but something in Jimmy's eyes must have conveyed a message, for he held his peace.

The Colonel had recovered his composure. "May I ask how the doctors arrived at their idiotic conclusion?"

"You may. The post-mortem showed that there was no hemorrhage of the apoplexy type. The only blood clot was caused by a fracture at the base of the skull."

"The doctors think it was the fracture that killed him?"

"They're equally divided. Two of them believe it was responsible. The other two think it occurred at the instant of death... that his head struck something when he fell to the floor."

"And the cause of the death?" Jimmy was leaning forward eagerly.

"They were still trying to determine when I left. As soon as they decided the death wasn't natural, I came to have a look around. McCarthy is to bring word when they come to some conclusion." He turned to the Colonel. "Was it you who found your brother's body?"

"Singh and I together. We weren't surprised when he didn't appear at breakfast because he frequenly worked all night and slept until noon. There's an electric bell on the desk which rings downstairs in Singh's room next door. It was understood that my brother was not to be disturbed until he rang. But when he did not appear at lunch we called him, and when he did not answer we forced the door and found him on the floor...just back of those curtains."

Jimmy left the desk and walked with Captain Hemming to the other end of the room. For a moment he stood studying the velvet hangings which depended from dim rafters overhead, the great mirror in its frame of ornate gilt, and the heavily carpeted floor.

"Show us where you found him," Captain Hemming requested, and the Colonel complied.

"He was here . . . his feet toward the room, his head close to the base of that standing lamp." The Colonel was pointing to a tall wrought-iron affair which stood just inside the curtains.

The Chief examined the claw-footed base and nodded thoughtfully. "That would account for the fracture all right, if it struck at the base of his skull. Was he lying on his back?"

"Not exactly. His whole body was twisted as though by a convulsion. His knees were drawn up and his neck was strained back. His hands were clutching the bottoms of the curtains and his face—" The Colonel broke off and passed his hand over his eyes as though blotting out some sight. "His face was horrible."

"There was nothing anywhere about that seemed out of place? I mean nothing which might have been used as a weapon?"

"No . . . yes, by Jove, there was! That stone god was lying on its side." He was pointing to a small crudely carved figure of East Indian design which stood on a table under the lamp. From a little teakwood shrine it grinned out at us with a vacant derision which was horrible, somehow, when one thought of what had passed before its staring, painted eyes.

Captain Hemming picked it up and hefted it appraisingly. "It could have been used," he said. "It's light enough to be easily handled, but heavy enough to do damage."

"Yes," Jimmy remarked, "it might have been used. At the same time, it's not particularly well balanced, and that table is close beside where Grant fell. It might just as easily have been overturned by his convulsion. However, it won't do any harm to have it gone over for fingerprints."

"Mine will probably appear," the Colonel pointed out. "I was the one who picked it up and put it back in the shrine."

"We'll count you out," Jimmy promised and, replacing the figure on the table, moved toward the center of the room. "You say the door was locked when you found your brother?"

"Yes; on the inside." The Colonel walked to the door and opened it. "As you see, there's no lock, in the usual sense of the word, just this bolt, which could only be operated from the inside. When we broke in, we tore it loose from the casing...the way you see it now."

"Any other way of getting into the room?"

"Absolutely none. That big window is built into the wall, while those ventilators up there are too small for a child to climb through—even if they weren't a good forty feet from the ground outside."

"Were they closed when you came in?"

"They were just as you see them now. Three closed and one open."

Captain Hemming dismissed the subject and started on another. "Did your brother have any enemies? Anyone who'd ever made a threat against his life?"

The Colonel considered for a moment, then shook his head. "No one I can call to mind. But he might have contacts with people I knew nothing about. His work was of a private nature."

"So I've heard," the Chief observed dryly, "and I fancy he might have known a good deal about different people's affairs . . . more than they thought was healthy, perhaps."

"It's possible, but, in that case, I'd have known nothing about it. I managed his money but I never touched the occult side of his life."

"Didn't believe in it, eh?"

"Didn't believe in it," agreed the Colonel. He paused a moment and his eyes shifted quickly about the room. "But I must say the whole thing's a bit eerie."

"You mean," said Jimmy quickly, "that you believe there's something supernatural about his death?"

The Colonel looked confused. "Well, I wouldn't exactly say that, but you can see for yourself that no one could have got into this room—" He broke off as Singh entered with a short, heavy set chap in a checked suit and tie of vivid green.

"This is Sergeant McCarthy," the Chief told us, "one of my best men. I've assigned him to this case."

The Sergeant nodded amiably and I saw that he knew Jimmy for he added a grin and an Irish twinkle of the eye to his nod. "I might have guessed you'd beat us to it, Mr. Lane. You've got a nose like a bird dog for murders!"

The Chief was speaking to the Colonel. "You can go back to your house now. If we want you again I'll send word." The little nod with which he ended the speech, though friendly enough, was a distinct dismissal and, for a moment, it looked as though the other would answer angrily, but with an effort he controlled himself, walked to the door and disappeared.

McCarthy waited until his footsteps had died away before he spoke. "The post-mortem's finished, Captain, and the doctors agree that Grant died a violent death, all right, but they don't know as they'll ever be able to say for sure just how he was bumped off."

"But good heaven," Jimmy exclaimed, "that's absurd!"

"Not as absurd as you think," the Chief explained. "The body was embalmed before we got hold of it and the only evidence left by certain poisons is a blood change. In an embalmed body all the blood has been removed and there is nothing for the toxicologists to work on."

"But I thought he died from a blow on his head."

"Two of the docs think he did," McCarthy said. "The others think he was killed by some poison and his skull was fractured when he fell."

"Isn't it possible to determine from the blood clot whether the hemorrhage occurred before or after death?"

"Sure it would be as a general thing, but if it was some poison that caused a convulsion, he might have fallen and cracked his head a minute before he died."

"I see." Jimmy's eyes were thoughtfully ranging the room. "Of course the poison theory would account for the locked door. If it was slow in its action he would've had time to lock himself in before he felt its effects."

"But, in the case of a slow poison, he'd have called for help when he began to feel sick," I objected. "There's not only a telephone but there's that electric bell which rings next door."

The Chief agreed with me. "I'll have a chemical analysis of the stomach made, of course; but, personally, I don't hold with the poison theory. I think he was struck on the head."

"Sure he was," agreed McCarthy, "and that Stoddard guy's the one who socked him."

"Perhaps," Captain Hemming was plainly doubtful, "but I'll be hanged if I can see any reason for his doing it. He doesn't seem to have had any connection with Grant. However, we may find one when we get hold of him." He addressed McCarthy. "I'll show you where the body was found. Later you can have Singh and the Colonel up here and put them through a course of sprouts, but I'd like to go over the case with you before I leave."

As the two crossed the room and disappeared behind the velvet curtains I turned to Jimmy. "Did you find those papers in the files?"

"No. I never thought for a moment I would after the Colonel said he'd gone through everything."

"What are you going to do now?"

"You may be surprised at what I'm going to do," Jimmy told me, grimly, and before I could question him the Chief returned with McCarthy.

"I'll send up the fingerprint men," he said, "but I doubt if you'll get anything at this late date."

"Me, too." The Sergeant's voice was rueful. "I sure hate these cases where everything's been straightened around. It's like trying to eat cold stew." The telephone on the desk rang stridently and he turned to answer it. As he listened his face expressed, first astonishment, then delight. A moment later he hung up the receiver and turned to Hemming.

"Well, Captain, I guess Stoddard's guilty, all right. When they went to pick him up at his hotel in Pasadena they found he'd skipped out less than an hour before and they haven't found a trace of him. But the aviator who brought him up from the South, fellow named Hanson, has sure given us aplenty to go on. Says Stoddard came tearing into his aerodrome in Los Angeles about six o'clock Monday night and wanted to fly up here, top speed. They landed around nine, and Stoddard said he'd want to go back that same night, but he didn't know just when, so Hanson was to get his supper and be ready to start any minute. Well, Hanson did as he was ordered, and along about twelve-thirty Stoddard came skidding into the aerodrome in a taxi. He climbed into the plane and told Hanson to start right off."

"I don't see anything very damaging in that." Jimmy spoke casually, but I suspected he was more worried than he cared to admit. "It was after midnight and if I had three hours of flying ahead of me before I could get to bed I'd be in a hurry, too."

"Yeah?" McCarthy drawled. "Well answer me these. Why did he order Hanson not to tell anyone he was in town? And why'd he go to a hotel instead of to his house?"

"You're sure of that?" the Chief asked quickly.

"Dead sure. They been checking up at headquarters and they've found he took a room at the St. Francis. But he didn't sleep there. Just freshened up, put in a couple of phone calls and left."

"They're tracing the calls?"

"Sure. One was to some apartment hotel. The other was to this phone right here."

There was an interval of silence, and I saw that Jimmy was weighing some problem in his mind; evidently it was a difficult one for he turned, walked away toward the great window and stood looking out over the city below. After a moment he swung back.

"Look here, I think I'll tell you something . . . about Stoddard. It's betraying a confidence so I'm going to ask you to do me a favor in return."

"What's the favor?" the Chief asked warily.

"It's this: If I tell you something which makes it look as though Stoddard is guilty—guilty as the deuce—will you promise not to arrest him until you have absolute proof? I mean proof, not only of his motive, but of just how he committed the murder?"

The Chief considered, then he nodded. "All right. But it's understood that as soon as we locate Stoddard we'll keep him under surveillance, and if he tries to clear out, we're free to make the arrest."

"That's O.K.," Jimmy agreed. "I only want to fix it so that the newspapers don't get word of his connection with the case and also," he grinned affectionately at the Chief, "so that you won't make a fool of yourself . . . as you undoubtedly will if I let you go off half cocked."

"Thanks," grimly. "I'm waiting for your revelation."

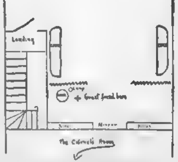

Diagram of Harlan Grant's Seance Room.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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TRY TO GUESS THESE EYES!

This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 10[illegible] pounds and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below*.

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Lava Love—by Inez Castell

A Tale of Love and High Adventure in the South Seas

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon's position on the yacht Sea-Spray on a cruise in the South Seas becomes embarrassing when Nicky Armstrong, the owner, makes clandestine love to her. Nicky's wife discovers the affair and innocent Adora is drugged and left behind at Saranoa at the plantation of Carlos de Vasquinez, a former admirer of hers.

The Spaniard makes her an offer of marriage but headstrong Adora refuses and escapes to Saranoa, where she falls into the hands of Manoel da Costa, a Portuguese innkeeper. Carlos rescues her and returns her to his plantation. Under the ardor of his love making Adora feels herself weakening.

She decides to marry Carlos but determines to tantalize him a bit before she surrenders. She is about to confess her love when Conchita Mendez and her brother Luiz arrive unexpectedly for a visit. The Spaniard introduces Adora as his wife to save her reputation.

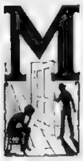
Conchita is furious as she hoped to marry Carlos for his wealth and [illegible] Adora [illegible] that he [illegible] her and [illegible] Carlos [illegible] the Spaniard's [illegible] are swept away and they agree to be married in the morning.

While Carlos is after the priest Luiz, now madly infatuated with Adora, [illegible] kidnapped by da Costa. They make it appear that Adora has drowned herself and hold her prisoner in the house of da Costa's nephew Jaime.

Carlos is suspicious of Conchita and [illegible] her says he will marry her when Adora's body is found or at Conchita's suggestion when he is convinced Adora [illegible] marry him. The [illegible] her brother [illegible] Adora [illegible] write a letter to [illegible] Adora [illegible] Luiz [illegible] the [illegible] to make [illegible] letter [illegible] return for the [illegible] to see Carlos again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unloosed Fires.



MORE than ever Adora realized the force of Luiz's argument, though she did not answer for the moment. Never to see Carlos again seemed a terrible thing to her. But that was preferable to her alternative fate, if Luiz was actually intending to carry out his fearful threat. In the grim mask of his face Adora could find no gleam of hope that he meant less than he had said. Indeed, aware of his advantage, he glanced impatiently at a wrist watch first, and then out of the window toward the waiting tramp steamer.

"We have no time to waste, querida mia," he said, coldly. "It is one thing or the other—that letter or regretfully—I must leave you to da Costa. If you are sensible, little love-blossom, you will sit down here and write just a few simple words which will make Carlos believe you have wished to go out of his life for ever. Once that is written, you shall be taken on board and be once more your own mistress."

"Wait . . You must let me think. . ."

Adora turned to the window and looked out at the distant vessel. Whether she wrote that letter or not, she must always love Carlos. She doubted if he would really believe the letter when it was written. She could not believe that he really did want to marry Conchita. The truth of that she could only discover by gaining her freedom. An inspiration came to her. She would meet cunning by cunning. Once free and out of these people's clutches she would somehow get in touch with Carlos again, so that he knew the real truth.

"Very well, Luiz," she said with seeming reluctance. "Since you force me in this way, I will obey your wishes. Perhaps it may be for the best, after all. I will agree to this . . . Have me put on board that vessel for the mainland and I will write the letter you ask."

"So—you do not trust me, loveliest?" Luiz, triumphant over his easy success, smiled silkily down at her. But he had yet to beat down this last stand of hers.

"And supposing," he added, "I get you on board that boat, and you turn round, refusing to write?"

"How do I know," she shrugged, "that you will keep your word after I have written that letter?"

"Is it in my interest or Conchita's for you still to remain at Saranoa?" he shrugged back. "You need not be so distrustful on this occasion, sweetest. Here are fountain pen and paper. Within half an hour of your letter being in my possession you will be on board that boat, as free as air."

Luiz said that with his tongue in his cheek. He knew, as Adora did not, that she would be just as much in his power on board the sea-tramp—whose captain was in his pay—as she was in this room. She would also find herself just as much his prisoner on the mainland as here, all his arrangements having been so made. Of this, he was silent as he smilingly thrust pen and paper towards her on the table.

For a moment she hesitated, and then sat down, took the pen in her hand and wrote slowly, carefully selecting and weighing each word, while he stood there, watching her. Presently, having signed her name to what she had written, she pushed it towards him and he scrutinized the Spanish script which read:

> Dear Carlos,
>
> It was, after all, impossible for me to become your wife. When this reaches you, I shall have left Saranoa for the mainland and my own country. If we should never perhaps meet again, remember that I wish you every happiness, even though that may never be the lot of your little friend
>
> ADORA

Although Don Luiz seemed unable to find anything in this to which he could object, he accepted it as sufficient for his purposes in a grudging way. He would have liked the wording to be a little less friendly and more emphatic, saying so to Adora. But she refused to rewrite the letter, despite his protests, having purposely written it in this way, hoping that Carlos would read between the lines and recognize that she was unhappy and did not really mean a word of the message. Then, she felt, he might follow her to the mainland and make inquiries in order to get on her track.

Meantime Don Luiz, glad to have extracted even so much from her, folded up the letter and put it in a pocket.

"That," he said, "will reach Carlos in such a way that he cannot suspect me of having any hand in it. And now I will go and arrange with da Costa for you to be taken on board the steamer out there in the bay."

He murmured that with a little purr of satisfaction, studying her pale loveliness with desirous eyes as something of which he would presently possess himself in due course at his own leisure, while for the moment—to lull her into complete security—he forced himself to keep his emotions in check.

These last, as he turned to the door of the room and opened it, were turned into an entirely different channel, that of fear-stricken self-preservation, by a sudden and unforeseen happening. This affected Adora as much as it did Don Luiz, startling her so that she screamed in horror. For, without warning, the room in which they two were standing seemed suddenly to have been lifted up, violently shaken and then dropped again.

In a flash Adora realized that, for the second time, she was experiencing earthquake shock, though on this occasion it was a hundred times more violent and terrible than when it had happened in the house of Carlos. Nor did it now pass away quickly, as on the former occasion. Shock followed upon shock, the house straining and creaking and seeming as though it must break in twain over their heads, burying them in its ruins.

Further, with a swiftness as appalling as it was unexpected, the calm of night had become a pandemonium. In at the windows, as if all Saranoa were burning, a lurid glow turned everything to blood-red. By it, Adora could see Don Luiz, as though stained from head to foot in gore, staggering towards the window which looked landwards. Pointing through this, he flung explanation at her on a note of frenzy.

"It is Pallarossa . . ." she heard him yell in a panic. "It's broken out. See how it is one mass of flame. We shall all be destroyed . . ."

Before Adora could speak or move he was gone out of the door in a flash, and she could hear him stumbling in the dark down the wooden stairway, which was cracking and bending as if it must inevitably break. He had not waited for Adora, like the coward he was. And, in a way, she was not sorry. She had no wish to be beholden to Don Luiz.

Still, she could not remain where she was, and the door being open she followed him onto the staircase and down it. By now, for a time at least, the earth-shocks had ceased. Her one thought was that now nature had freed her in this unexpected fashion she must find her way back somehow to the house of Carlos. Once there, all her troubles would be at an end, and the letter she had been forced to write by Don Luiz would be of no use to him.

"Carlos, you must stay here with me . . ." Conchita Kept on Repeating Breathlessly.

But, at the foot of the stairs, she had first, someone infinitely worse than Don Luiz with whom to contend, in the bulky mass of da Costa emerging on her from the shadows where he must have been hiding. Either he was hardened by experience to earth-shocks, or he imagined the worst was already over, for he was laughing as he stretched out a fat hand and dragged her back as she was about to slip past him.

"Not so quickly, little white bird!" he chuckled. "The hidalgo I let go, because I saw he had not you with him. He is a fool and lost his head. So—he also loses you. Come. Why should we not continue our little talk? It is of no use to run out into the town. That would be madness and only courting death. The houses in Saranoa are falling down everywhere. See . . ."

Against her will he dragged her towards a window, through which she could see the town in that awesome blood-red glow. A town, as he had said, already ruined in parts, while as she stood staring down at it by the side of the inn-keeper the floor under her shook once again with great violence, so that she was thrown violently against her companion.

His arm around her waist and crushing her to him, she heard his voice chuckling in her ear.

"Pallarossa has wakened . . ." he was saying. "And she has slept so long that her wakening will likely destroy the greater part of Saranoa. But this is a strong house and may escape, so we are wiser to stay here in that hope. If not — well, we die together, little white bird; and, in your company, I shall not mind that so much."

"Let me go . . ."

Adora struggled violently, frenziedly. She was not so much afraid of death tonight as she had been many times in her life. She was not afraid even of courting death by going out into the open and trying to make her way to Carlos. That was infinitely preferable to remaining in safety with this brute.

"Let me go, I say!" she repeated as he drew her relentlessly towards him and tried to thrust his mouth against hers, his foul and drink-laden breath sickening her. She beat her clenched little fists against his round face, and tore at his eyes and mouth with her nails.

"Let you go?" he chortled savagely, angered by her resistance. "Not tonight or ever, little pet. I am going to have you at last, and afterward—if Pallarossa does not kill us both, then—we shall see. The hidalgo said that circumstances had changed that little plan by which you were already dead. Well, that may be so, but you do not go back to Don Carlos to tell tales about me. Kiss first and kill afterward, that is the motto of your dear Manoel. . . ."

From thrusting his kisses upon her Adora could not prevent him, though she fought and struggled like a little wildcat. He hurt her back so badly eventually by the strength of one cruel arm that she screamed aloud, thinking it was breaking her in half. As she sank back, partly unconscious through the violence of the pain, his hands had torn ruthlessly at her clothes. In the blood-red glow of the fiery mountain, she was half naked in his hold.

And again, while she struggled for fresh strength the house trembled and crashed in the throes of a violent shock. That flung da Costa off his balance, and he dragged Adora with him, crashing against a couch and falling on it in a heap. Here, on the verge of despair, Adora found one flashing instant in which to bless that shock. It had unloosed the arms of the man and freed her. It had also put within reach of her fingers a weapon with which to fight him. For sticking out above his gaudy sash was the heft of that knife-blade with which he had earlier threatened Don Luiz.

With the knife in her hand she flung back from him and stood with it raised above her head. Da Costa choked, blinked in the blood-red flare, and rose slowly from the couch, coming towards her.

"Touch me and I'll kill you—I'll stick this right into you!" Adora screamed, the blade quivering in her hand above her head.

He laughed.

A bull-like rush at her rather took her unawares by its maddened impetus. He imagined, she supposed, that she would not be as good as her word. But as he reached her and tried to secure her upheld wrist she stepped aside and brought the knifeblade down in a frenzy. Da Costa screamed and lashed out at her with one heavy hand, hitting her on the side of the head, half-stunning her, so that she dropped the knife.

She saw him, like a great blood-stained bull, staggering towards her, holding one shoulder with a red hand; and she knew she had hurt him badly and needed only to conserve her strength to beat him now in the end. And then the very foundations of the house were wrenched as if from a socket. The air was full of blinding dust. To Adora the walls seemed to be falling in on her. She turned on her heel, heard da Costa shriek in fear and pain, and ran without seeing where she was going.

When she did see at last she suddenly realized that she was in the open. She could see now both the wreck which had been pretty little Saranoa and, behind it, the horror of Pallarossa, its crest seething with molten lava, a great crimson flare flung out from its

(Continued on Page 15)

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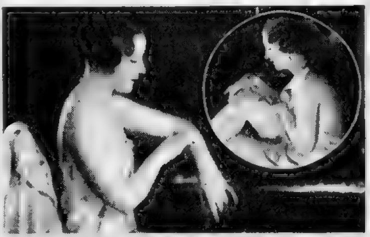

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Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Lava Love

by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

vast, awakened crater. Even while she watched the last the mountain suddenly seemed deliberately to spray the town with ashes.

Adora turned away from it and ran on madly, not knowing where she was going, one of dozens of other panic stricken people doing the same thing, fleeing from Saranoa into the interior. The most Adora could hope was that she should live through this to reach Carlos . . .

CHAPTER XXV.

Under the Siren's Sway.

CURIOUSLY, saving for a prolonged tremor or two, the house and estate of Don Carlos had not suffered anything like the same violence as had wrecked Saranoa. Carlos, indeed, had seen how the unloosed fires of Pallarossa first tinged the sky and announced the volcano's awkening, but looking up at the mountain, he had not imagined the outbreak to be as yet so devastating as it really was.

He thought, indeed, less of Pallarossa than of his missing Adora, concerning whom by now he was in despair. He was less certain now than he had been that her disappearance was due to Conchita and her brother, or that they knew anything about it. Unable to prove either that da Costa was the cause of his loss, Carlos could only hope that Conchita was right in her repeated surmise, as the lesser of two evils, that Adora was alive and well, but had run away and perhaps by now had left the island on her way back to England.

To this conclusion he had come finally upon a sudden thought which struck him. How could she have done that, he asked himself, without money to pay for her passage? And so, to satisfy himself up to this point, he had searched Adora's belongings in the room she had occupied. He searched them and the room so thoroughly that the result could not possibly be questioned. Adora's money had gone. So too had the little jewelry she had possessed.

Had Carlos only known it, he might have found both had he made a similar search of Conchita's room. The latter had long since made a raid on Adora's belongings and confiscated these valuables. Her astute mind had foreseen that, if she had deliberately run away, Adora would have taken them with her. So Carlos, believing that now to have been the case, was gradually steeling himself to accept this explanation as the only one.

Tonight, when the unloosed fires of Pallarossa first lit the sky, Carlos was thinking regretfully of Adora, while trying to forget her. And that was impossible. Like Pallarossa, she had unloosed in him those fires which were unquenchable, fires which must burn forever in the crater of his soul.

Nor would he confess to little Conchita that he was inwardly admitting Adora's defection. He did not indeed admit it so much as recognize its possibility. And then it was only a faint recognition. Looking back on the never to be forgotten night when he had carried Adora in his arms from his room to hers, how could he explain away the passionate fervor with which she had announced her love for him, if the words had not been true? Why, if she loved him like that, should she have run away from him next day?

While Carlos was tormenting himself with such questions as these, and slowly seeking to salve his wounded heart, Conchita, in the passing days, had cleverly effaced herself as much as possible. She had avoided discussing Adora, or—if the subject had been forced on her—she had spoken of the missing girl in such a way as suggested more and more to Carlos that his suspicions of herself could not possibly be right.

In his distress and final despair he had indeed begun to turn towards Conchita in an effort to drive Adora from his mind. Not that he could ever love Conchita. But he had known her from babyhood, and he had an affection for her. And Conchita, knowing this, had artfully used that weapon in her own cause. She had played the game of the loving little sister sympathizing with the bereaved big brother.

Not that she was inwardly content with this. In her passionate, Spanish way she adored Carlos, and hated Adora viciously. She waited impatiently only for Luiz to produce evidence that Adora did not love Carlos, and then she meant to come into her own. Tonight, when Pallarossa startled and frightened her by its sudden awakening, she was wondering if Luiz would obtain that evidence. She was a little doubtful of it, irritated over the slow way in which Luiz seemed to have been handling the affair, explaining always that he was meeting with difficulties from da Costa.

The eruption of the volcano had reminded her that Luiz was not yet back from Saranoa, and the hour was now very late. She had gone to her room, restive on that account, as well as hurt over the moodiness of Carlos and his indifference to her during the evening. She had tried in vain to sleep, as Carlos had advised her to do, telling her that the eruption, which, from this side of the mountain did not appear so threatening as from the sea—was not very serious.

She had lain for a while, listening vainly to hear when Luiz returned from the town, in case he should come to her room with good news. But she must eventually have slept, because presently she awakened to find Carlos by her bedside. He was fully dressed and standing in the red glow flung everywhere by the volcano. At sight of his stern and anxious face Conchita sprang from her bed, and gazed up at him.

"Is anything the matter, Carlos dear?" she asked in a sudden frenzy of fear, flinging out her smooth bare arms to twine them round his neck.

He put an arm round her and patted her reassuringly.

"There is nothing the matter here, cara mia," he said, "but matters are very serious in Saranoa. I was afraid they might be, though I did not say anything to you before you went to bed. But some refugees have just been telling me the town is in ruins, that thousands have been killed and injured. The eruption too is gaining in power. Matters may be worse still."

"Carlos . . ." Conchita clung to him. "We are not going to die, are we?"

"We have not suffered at all so far," Carlos soothed her. "It looks as if the trouble is all on the other side of Pallarossa—towards the sea. This side may prove perfectly safe. But I wanted to tell you this. I must go away down into Saranoa. You must be brave, Conchita mia. Your brother has not returned. He may perhaps be injured. I must go down and try to find out, to give a hand as well in the rescue work—"

"And leave me here, Carlos mio?" Conchita held tightly to him. "You cannot do that? I should be all alone. Besides, if anything happened to you down there, my adored, what should I do?"

"Little one, I must go . . ." Carlos let her head lie on his chest while his fingers stroked her glossy raven hair to reassure her. "What else would you have me do, dearest Conchita? I must see what has happened to Luiz, if I can, and every man is needed in that stricken town to help the sufferers."

"I don't care for them—for Luiz—for anyone, but you!" Conchita urged passionately. "If anything happened to you—if you were killed—the light of my life would be gone, nothing else would matter! Stay here with me, Carlos darling. I love you. I worship you. I want to be yours . . ."

"Little one . . . Little one . . ."

Carlos was perturbed by the violence of her passion, by her warm young body which forced his head down for her lips to press the burning ardor of their kisses upon his mouth. He tried vainly to disengage himself from her, strove with soothing hands to quiet her, forced her eventually to seat herself again on the bed, while he pacified her.

"Carlos, you must stay here with me . . ." Conchita kept on repeating breathlessly. "You cannot go from me. I will not have it. I need you. I have loved you so long. Supposing you went, and never came back to me?"

"Conchita mia, I shall surely come back to you!" said Carlos with sudden severity, releasing himself at least from her entwining arms and caressing hands. "You need not fear that, or for yourself. You must be brave. You must not give way like this. Come now. Kiss me, little one, and say you will wait here in patience."

Eventually he persuaded her, kissing her as a brother might have done, turning to go with a rather shocked feeling over her passionate outbreak, though realizing that he might indeed have expected it. And, indeed, if Adora had definitely left him, he asked himself if he was to go on living a life of bachelor loneliness, or whether it would not be kinder to Conchita if he sought what consolation he might in the love she offered him?

On her part, watching him disappear in that blood-red dawn, Conchita was satisfied at least in this that she had forced him to realize her love for him, and that he had not scorned her. The passionate avowal had been quite spontaneous, the result of panic fear for him and for herself. And Carlos had not thrown her aside. He had returned her kisses—not passionately, it was true. The passion, Conchita told herself, would come.

Carlos was a man, and prone as all men are to the call of passion. Conchita, with her white and dazzling flesh, the allure of her shapely body, the unloosed fires of her wanton abandon, felt that Carlos could be tempted to fall for her on the next occasion. She no longer feared Adora, or the memory of Adora, whom Luiz wanted for himself. Conchita did not care what happened to Adora so long as Luiz kept her away from Carlos.

That was in Conchita's mind as she watched Carlos disappear in the ruddy volcanic glare which had replaced day-break, leaving her alone with her bodily passion for him and her greed for his wealth. And then, turning with her eyes glistening with prospective triumph, she discovered herself not to be alone.

There moved towards her out of the shadows a slim and small figure, which till then had apparently been on the veranda perhaps some little time, standing by one of the open windows. With a start of apprehension, a chill feeling as if she was staring at a ghost, Conchita saw the figure to be that of Adora herself, tattered and dishevelled, her small face pale as death, her large eyes dazed and stricken.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Human Wreckage.

AND then Conchita realized that Adora was no ghost, but a living and free thing. Conchita understood that, in some way, Luiz had failed. Adora had escaped from him and come here. What did that mean? It meant that Carlos would now discover her to be alive, and would possibly learn from her the whole truth!

It was fortunate indeed, Conchita told herself hurriedly, that Carlos had gone off to Saranoa this minute quite unaware how near Adora had been to him. Conchita wondered why Adora had not discovered herself to him and stayed his going.

Meantime Adora parted the bead chick over the open door and came into the room. Adora, through the open window had seen and heard enough to break her heart, to persuade her that she must never see Carlos again. She had seen him in Conchita's room, sitting on her bed with her, kissing her lips, holding her to him. The hot-breathed passion of Conchita had drifted to Adora's stricken ears. She had heard the emotional voice of Carlos promising to return to Conchita, actually asking her to kiss him and trust in him.

And so, Adora rather naturally concluded, on this evidence, Luiz had told the truth after all. Carlos was really in love with Conchita. Therefore, with this revelation seeming so manifest before her very eyes, Adora had not disclosed herself to him as he came out from the bedroom and swung past her, making for ruined Saranoa.

How she had ever managed to reach this house, Adora did not know. Love had guided her footsteps and given her strength and courage. And now, as she confronted Conchita, she felt suddenly weak again. Love had betrayed her. Carlos was not, after all, worth while. She stood alone, deserted, betrayed, the mock of her more fortunate rival, whose narrowed eyes studied her in the crimson light.

"You?" said Conchita under her breath, shrinking back, while Adora laughed, a cracked and hysterical outburst which sounded horrible. .

"You need not be afraid of me!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "The time for that is passed. What I need is help, food, a little kindness—if there is any in this world . . ."

And here, from very physical breakdown, she sank in an unconscious heap to the floor, recovering a few minutes later with Conchita kneeling beside her, pouring spirits down her throat. Conchita, staggered by Adora's condition, was momentarily conscience-stricken as part cause of it, and frightened into being kind. She brought Adora back to realities, helped her into the living room and fetched her food.

While Adora sat down to this and ate ravenously, Conchita stood by, staring at her, speaking no word at all. She did not quite know what to say, what to think. All the time her mind kept on repeating the same sentences: "Luiz has failed. Now everything will come out and Carlos will hate me."

Presently Adora ceased to eat and drink. She rose from the table, more like her old self, saying that she was all rags and tatters, her fair skin stained and grimed by the ashes flung out of the volcano, by the sweat of her frenzied flight inland, the dragging race for life among hundreds of refugees along the jungle track. She turned and studied Conchita, fresh from sleep and lovely in her night-robe. Adora could not blame Carlos for loving such loveliness. And now she broke the silence.

"Carlos has gone down to Saranoa," she said, to Conchita's surprise.

"How did you know that?" asked the latter.

"I heard through the open window. He promised to come back to you. That, of course, will not be yet. We have time to talk."

Conchita nodded. Her mind was concentrated on the fact that Adora had listened at the window, seen as well, no doubt. Conchita was wondering what Adora thought, as a result, what she was going to do about it, about everything. Not that Conchita was frightened. Her momentary wave of kindness had subsided. She was now cruel in her hate of the other, and her mind was at work desperately to solve the problem of sweeping Adora from her path even now.

"Carlos has gone to the town partly to find Luiz, who has not come back since he went there yesterday," Conchita said meanwhile.

Adora shrugged.

"Luiz can look after himself, if he is not dead already," she said. "Saranoa is a mass of ruins. The last I saw of Luiz—the earthquake had begun, and—he ran away to save his own skin, leaving me to look after myself."

"So Luiz had found out where you were?" Conchita had badly wanted to know that. She added in explanation, on a note of self-excuse: "He had no idea where you had been taken. That da Costa would not tell him. The thief wanted more and more money. We did not mean you any harm, Luiz, and I—"

"Why talk about it?" shrugged Adora once again. "I have, fortunately, suffered no real harm. I do not bear either you or Luiz any ill-will. I am alive and free again. I only want to discuss with you, Conchita, what is to be done."

"In what way?" Conchita was on the defensive, crouching in a chair, bristling like a little cat scenting danger. "If you mean to tell Carlos that Luiz and I were the cause of your disappearance, we shall deny the truth of it, of course."

"Even though Luiz is carrying on him a letter from me to Carlos, telling him that I ran away from him because I did not want to be his wife?" shrugged Adora.

"You did write that letter?" Conchita asked eagerly.

"Under threat of being murdered. And then the earthquake happened, freeing me, so that—if I wished—I could tell Carlos the truth about that letter."

"And—you mean to do that?"

"Not after what I saw and heard pass between Carlos and you before he left. If Carlos is really in love with you—"

"He is!" insisted Conchita. "He was in love with me before he met you. If you had not come here and been left with him, Carlos would perhaps by now have been married to me. Whatever you saw and heard this morning—that is the real Carlos. Do you not understand? He only felt he must marry you because you had been left alone with him——"

"That Luiz has said too. It may be the truth. And if Carlos really is in love with you—that ends everything so far as I am concerned. I should never think of trying to come between you and him, Conchita. The happiness of Carlos is my only thought."

Conchita could scarcely believe her own ears. To her nature it was incredible that, if a woman loved a man, she could so easily give him up to her rival. And meantime Adora added that which startled Conchita, dispelling her hopes of a quick and easy victory.

"I shall tell Carlos that," Adora said simply.

"Tell him?"

Conchita flung out that question sharply, realizing that such a thing could not be allowed for an instant. For Adora to discuss the matter with Carlos meant that the bubble of deception would be pricked, and Conchita would lose Carlos at the very

(Continued on Page 16)

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Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night Club

(Continued from Double Page)

an inveterate gambler and that she had not only been a regular frequenter of that house in Granville Place but that she visited places all over the West End and played card games from lunch time till the small hours of the morning nearly every day. And it was only a few days after that raid that her husband, when sentencing a man in the dock for embezzlement, said to him:

"Gambling and speculation—which are the same thing—have been your ruin. If you go foolishly playing for stakes you can't afford, or if indeed you plunge into gambling, there can only be one result. You have taken money to make up your losses and you must go to penal servitude for three years."

The big places will cost about $500 a week in rental. Usually they are houses, such as those I have mentioned, which belong to quite wealthy and often well-known people in society who are going abroad for a period and are quite glad to get about $2,000 a month for their town house. The man or woman who rents it pays cash down in advance, so fewer questions are asked and the owner knows nothing of the gambling business.

To the rent must be added another 500 dollars a week for champagne, whisky, food, etc., and yet another $500 in wages. With those items and light and general upkeep. I know that the total running expenses of the West End gambling houses come to about $2,500 a week at the very least.

It is nothing unusual for these places to clean up $25,000 a night and I should say that considering their brief life and enormous risks their proprietors would set down as a losing week one in which the net profits did not run over $10,000. Below these is a second class of gambling dens which pay more modest rent. In Maida Vale, West Kensington, or Croydon, you will get those houses for about $1,000 a year. Usually they open as "bridge clubs." Bridge is allowed by law in England. Any game that is reckoned a game of skill is allowed, even though people play for money.

They form a membership by getting 25 or more so that they may register it as a club. Then for one dollar a year they get a drink license. At first those places are quiet and modest. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown will drop in of an afternoon for a game of bridge at 25 cents a hundred. They will then go on sitting till quite late at night. Then the husbands come there direct from their offices to play among themselves at $1.25 a hundred. Gradually the wives mix up with the men's games and they, too, play for $1.25.

It is not long before bridge gets too slow. They start vingt et un or poker. In suburbia as well as in West End society the craze for excitement and for getting rich quickly—as they look at it—grips the men and women, especially the latter. In next to no time you have the modest bridge club going on till the early hours of the morning and becoming as hectic as any de luxe gambling hell, the only difference being the stakes that are played for.

I know one place in West Kensington—which is a middle class suburb where business men of moderate means live—and I have seen lots of people lose $100 to $200 in an evening there.

There was a case in the police courts not long ago where a well-dressed, quiet-looking girl was charged with shop-lifting. The judge put her back for inquiries to be made into her case and he found, through the court missionary, that she belonged to a middle-class family, the father being a fairly prosperous wine merchant. The girl at nineteen years of age had started going to the bridge club with her mother and she had played small stakes at first. Then she got bitten by the gambling bug. The fever entered her blood and she spent hours every day at the card tables.

She won and lost, then took up poker and was reckless and lost heavily and steadily. She got more and more into debt, taking lots of "loans" from a racing man and then she began frankly to take gifts. The man in time asked for a return from her. And he got it. But it was not long before he tired of her and threw her over for some other girl.

Then, desperate to get money to satisfy her craving for gambling, she had taken to shop-lifting and was caught. The judge let her go on probation and bound her over on her promise never to touch a card again for money. The court missionary went to see her parents and they were staggered to hear about their daughter. Both of them had become so engrossed themselves in pleasures of that suburban gambling den that they had been blind to all that concerned their own girl.

Those gambling dens in the suburbs are generally opened and run by men who have been croupiers in the big de luxe places. The West End houses rarely have a run of more than six months unless they are extremely well guarded and under protection.

When a raid takes place, the croupiers, who have usually feathered their own nests well, take a lease of one of those suburban places and start on their own. They provide meals for the women who are too intent on their gambling to bother about cooking at home and they run a bar for drinks. Their profits are smaller, of course, than those of the West End places, but they are steadier and last longer. I know one man who reckons it a bad week if he takes less than $500 profit out of one of those bridge clubs, and he has been running for three years.

I needn't tell you much about the third category of London gambling hells. They abound in Soho and their patrons are foreign waiters and kitchen hands, with a sprinkling of hard-up crooks who hang around them trying to pick up anything they can get their hands on.

One very noted character among the proprietors of West End gambling hells is a man named John ———. I may not give his full name because he has never been prosecuted. Everyone who gambles in Londn knows him by the soubriquet of "Honest John." From what I know of him, the title must have been given him sarcastically, for he is one of the worst harpies in the West End.

He bought a Mayfair mansion and he furnished it magnificently and went to live there with his wife and daughter. In the ordinary course of their everyday life they mixed with people just on the fringe of society and through them they got to know a number of men right in the most exclusive sets. Those men were quite ready to accept Honest John's hospitality and have a flutter provided they were not expected to bring their women folk. That very often happens where different strata of the social system mix. Men can be democratic and women can be democratic but husbands and wives must not be democratic at the same time and place.

Two or three times a month John would give a dinner party, a "stag" affair, men only. After dinner the whole party went upstairs to play "chemmy" and later on others would drop in and play until about five or six o'clock in the morning. None but men were admitted and then only if their social and financial position were vouched for by at least two other guests. It was rather like a very exclusive men's club. The standing of the players was so high that no bad checks, threats about going to the police, or any other unpleasant incidents ever occurred there.

No breath of scandal was ever allowed to get abroad, as the players themselves would have suffered worst of all by any publicity, some of them being the most highly placed people in Britain. One peer, with the highest connections in the land, lost $100,000 there at one sitting. The "house," on its usual principle, took 5 per cent of that to begin with as commission, quite apart from anything that John made himself by playing.

Honest John believed in having many irons in the fire. If any visitor to his house became embarrassed financially and declared himself unable to go on playing, John was always willing to introduce him to an obliging firm of money lenders, who would assist him till his next allowance or dividends came in. And Honest John, of course, always pocketed a commission from the money lender as well as getting a sum as token of gratitude from the man who borrowed, and also got a considerable portion of the money back again in what the man would lose at his house.

John's career came to an untimely end through Viscount Castlerosse. Lord Castlerosse writes a gossip page in one of the London Sunday papers, and one day he published a few paragraphs giving such an accurate description of John and a few of his visitors or guests and exposing the money lending side of the business that it was a case of unwanted and altogether damaging advertisement.

I know that two weeks after Lord Castlerosse's paragraphs I drove past Honest John's house and saw a notice up "To be sold." John's daughter, by the way, married the son of a very notorious beauty who, after being involved in a cause celebre in the divorce courts, finally shot herself a few years ago. This son, whom John's daughter married, is reputed to be the natural offspring of a highly placed personage now dead.

When I was last in Monte Carlo with my husband we did a round of the night clubs and haunts, and on New Year's Eve we met a man friend from London who introduced to us a very attractive women he was dancing with. I got to know her quite well through meeting her at tea dances and cocktail parties and she told me quite frankly that she supplemented her income—which was only $750 a year—by going around the various gambling resorts in Europe.

She went from one place to another according to the seasons—Le Touquet, Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, and she always lived at small and very cheap hotels. She spent all her money on clothes and was always beautifully and attractively dressed. Now, as I have mentioned already, there is a great freemasonry among gamblers, and this woman had only to go in to a salle privee or the sporting club of a resort and sit down near some wealthy man gambler and be sure to collect quite largish sums of money.

As soon as any of those men won considerably, they would be quite glad to "lend" an attractive neighbor a pile of plaques. In that way this woman used to have her gambling for nothing. If she lost she was not expected to pay back the man. If she won she stuck to her winnings. And the European casinos are full of women who make a living like that.

Of course, such persons are parasites and at least one I knew was rather simple. She was a pretty young girl and had fallen desperately in love with a Russian grand duke, cousin of the late Czar. This exalted nobleman, though once rolling in wealth, was lucky to escape the Bolsheviks without being murdered with the rest of the royal family, and reached France almost penniless. He makes a pretty good living as a dancing partner at the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo.

He is a sort of glorified gigolo, undoubtedly the most illustrious of his kind, yet his salary is only five francs per night. But the tips he gets from wealthy women for the thrill of dancing in the arms of a genuine, bona fide, if somewhat moth-eaten, grand duke are sometimes almost worthy of his rank. The poor little girl I am talking about could barely graft a living for herself and so for some weeks she could only adore the exalted Romanoff from afar. But one night she sat down beside a strange man who turned out to be an English millionaire, which was lucky, for his fortune changed for the better just at that moment, causing him to pass her over quite a few of his plaques. With these the girl plunged recklessly until she left the table with over $3,000.

Cashing her plaques, she ran straight for the Cafe de Paris, made the grand duke notice her by handing him half her winnings and with the rest she hired him to be her partner exclusively until the last dollar was gone.

I have seen big winnings and staggering losses. The Dolly Sisters, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Mr. Solly Joel, the Duke of Westminster, are among those who play the maximum. Last year Major Jack Coats, who, as I have told you, handed over to a neighbor one million francs when he won three millions one night at Le Touquet, won last year at Monte Carlo $280,000. But this season he has already lost $420,000 through having taken over the bank and having run it when the famous "Greek Syndicate" gave up play as a protest against the tax on gambling introduced by the Government of Monaco. Major Coats is one of the coolest gamblers I have ever seen. A slight smile remains on his face the whole time he is at the tables, and anyone strolling in could never tell whether he was winning or losing.

I confess that I was terribly disillusioned on my first visit to the Casino at Monte Carlo. I expected to see the smartest dressed women in the world and an air of gaiety. All I saw were crowds of elderly men and women for the most part, with only a sprinkling of young people. Those elderly folks were armed with sheaves and sheaves of papers on which they kept continually jotting down their systems and calculations of "series" and "sequences."

In the hotels, in the cafes and restaurants, wherever you go, you hear nothing but the jargon of the gaming table. At cocktail time at the Cafe de Paris—reputed to be the most expensive place of its kind in the world—people of every nationality on earth sit sipping their drinks and almost shouting each other down in their efforts to tell their neighbors about the superiority of their own systems. As everyone has a system, the combined effect is what the Tower of Babel must have sounded like. The really smart place at Monte Carlo is the Sporting Club. That is where the highest play goes on and it is the most exclusive of all the gambling rooms.

The first evening my husband and I went in there we saw a strikingly beautiful girl who, we were told, was creating much interest and in fact excitement.

Friday evening she walked into the Sporting Club at midnight. She was always alone. No one knew her name, not even her nationality. She was beautifully dressed and was tall, with a superb figure.

She would stand for a certain time watching the play. Then she went forward and, as she did on this occasion when my husband and I were speculating about her identity, placed the maximum of 16,000 francs either on black or red. She had done that, a friend informed us, for over a week before we arrived. We saw her doing it for five nights after that. And never once did she fail to win!

She made only that one bet. Then she gathered up her winnings, 32,000 francs, and without looking round or taking the slightest notice of anyone, she walked out, still alone.

I never yet knew what made that girl choose a particular moment to place her bet.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

Lava Love

—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 15)

moment when she looked like winning him.

"Why should I not tell him?" asked Adora in some surprise.

Conchita's live mind worked quickly.

"Don't you see that it would never do?" she demanded. "Carlos is a man of honor. He would insist on marrying you, because he feels he has compromised you. Why cause him more unhappiness than he has suffered already on your account? You have given Luiz that letter. Luiz was arranging to get you away on a boat to the mainland—"

"But—the earthquake has happened. I heard someone say there has been a tidal wave, and the ship was driven out to sea. Besides, Luiz himself may not be alive. Even if he is, before I can get away from this island days and weeks may pass. I have nowhere else to stay but here. I am bound to see Carlos. And, unless you wish him to know what share you and Luiz had in my disappearance, that letter cannot be used or mentioned."

Conchita quite realized that last point. But the fact only emphasized the peril of her cause if Adora and Carlos met, as seemed now to be inevitable. Conchita also realized that the only way to stave off the crisis confronting her was by pretending to agree to whatever Adora said, while inwardly forming her own plans. She was a clever little actress; and, at this moment, she was perfect in her air of contrition.

"I think you are being very kind to Luiz and me," she said softly, with a well-simulated sob in her musical voice. "I see now that we behaved very badly towards you. Perhaps you will not like to believe me when I say it, but—it really is true—I did not know what Luiz had planned about you until it had happened. It was not my fault at all, but his. He was so madly in love with you, the poor boy."

"A strange sort of love it must have been for him to hand me over to such a vile beast as that da Costa!" commented Adora, and added: "However, we are supposed to forget the past. We were talking of the present and future, of Carlos. He must be told that I ran away from him and was found by da Costa, from whom I only escaped through the earthquake. That is the easiest story to tell.

"And if Carlos really loves you better than me, Conchita," Adora added, "he will have no further need to delay his marriage with you, for I will assure him that I do not hold him in honor bound to me, that I only want him to be happy and—myself—to go home to my own country."

To which Conchita nodded with outward composure, while inwardly she was telling herself that no such story could be told to Carlos, that indeed in some way Adora must be removed from here before Carlos came back and discovered her there. And meantime Adora went to her room, blissfully ignorant of the malice in Conchita's mind and the unspoken threat to her life which Conchita had in project.

Worn out by sheer physical exhaustion, Adora slept on her bed, while Conchita suffered the agonies of anxiety resulting from an uneasy conscience and the will even to commit murder. From her room she brought out furtively a little shining stiletto and weighed it in her hand before hiding it in the knee of her stocking. She sat down and waited, staring out at the jungle track, hoping against hope that Luiz might appear along this at any minute.

But the hours passed with no sign of him, and the anxiety of Conchita grew always the greater. Adora, all unwitting, slept like a child. More than once Conchita went in to look at her, fingering the stiletto, trying to nerve herself to the atrocious act she had in mind, steeling herself with hate as she studied the loveliness of her sleeping rival.

Another moment and the deed would have been done. But, violently awakening Adora, Pallarossa intervened for the second time to save her life, causing another earth-shock and shaking the house as a reed is shaken by the wind. Conchita, caught in the doorway of the room and advancing on tip-toe towards the bed, had scarcely time and chance to hide the gleaming stiletto when Adora sprang up, facing her, with the whole building rocking to and fro.

Conchita turned and ran, far more frightened than Adora. The latter indeed had been through so much down in Saranoa that fear had all but become foreign to her by now. Fatalistically, she awaited either salvation or—the end. Now that Carlos had turned from her—and she feared that must be so—nothing remained for Adora but the wreckage of her life, even as the house in which they stood was wrecked.

A portion of it crashed as they stood there. Crashed with a noise like that made by an exploding shell. The outer room, into which Adora had dragged the hysterical Conchita, was filled with blinding dust, through which their peering eyes could see nothing. But presently, with a gasp of relief, Adora realized that she had only moved from her room in the nick of time. It was that room which had fallen in, and was now a mass of rubble.

The whole building, indeed, was likely to come in at any minute, and Adora drew Conchita out of it into the open. Distantly the jungle track was alive with refugees, whom the wrathful horror of Pallarossa had driven hither and thither in mad panic. White folk and native, they were flitting past in an interminable queue, while the earth rocked and heaved beneath them. High up, blood red against the sky, Pallarossa towered ferociously. It belched forth flame and ashes, while the crater-lip overflowed with streams of molten lava.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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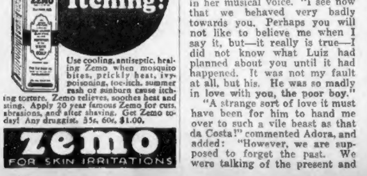

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Huckleberries Are in Season

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"WHEN is a huckleberry not a huckleberry?" Answer: "When it's a blueberry!" There is a never-ending argument each season as to exactly which berry shall be called by each name—huckleberry, blueberry, sugarberry, bilberry. There are those who hold to the greater flavor of the High Bush huckleberry and other persons declare that the Low Bush blueberry cannot be excelled for deliciousness. So similar are these varieties that we must leave it to each locality to identify its pet variety.

To the housewife all berries make good pie! If she is of New England ancestry, then she will prefer the large bluish berry with its delicious white bloom; if she comes from South-a-ways she may select the darker and more seedy berries which grow on the High Bushes—the "swamp huckleberry," which sometimes grows twelve feet high. The first crop to come into the market is usually the berries of the low varieties and the last to appear is the black purplish High Bushers.

To the picnicker and the vacationist, too, all berries taste just as good! Deep in the woods, on bushes jutting out from small rocky islands along inland lakes, or skirting on ocean beach, the generous vaccinium pennsylvanicum offers its flavorful fruit free for the picking. I live on Long Island almost in the exact center of a natural berry patch and this entire month of July our roads are cluttered with picnics and pickers—children and baskets which return home much heavier than when they first entered our woods!

The housewife's interest is always culinary—she travels on her market basket as Napoleon said of his armies. And to her the huckle or blueberry is one more fruit to add its note of variety to her menus. And while not of a distinctive flavor, or glorious to look on after the manner of strawberries, still the lowly huckleberry plays its part. Many there are who think it the berry par excellence for breakfast because of its bland, sweet, sugary and succulent texture. A dish of blueberries and cream, and the day is well begun!

But its not too distinctive taste seems to be enhanced by a slight cooking, which releases in addition its winey juice to add color to whatever dish it is served with. Stewed or cooked huckleberries approach black and loganberries in flavor, especially if a pinch of salt is added during the cooking. And in this stewed form, there are many things to do with huckleberries—first, of course, the deep-dish pie.

New England blueberry pie is something to conjure with, so simple in its making that it cannot help but be good. Just berries, plenty of them—seasoned with sugar and salt and pressed thickly down into a thin pastry lining. For cooking huckleberries does not make them more "woody" as it does either raspberries or blackberries. It merely richens their flavor. And that is why so many, men especially, think the only pie is huckleberry pie. The fruit and the pastry are a perfect blend.

Their small size and even texture make them a good addition to muffins, scones and puddings of the steamed variety. Like a small fresh grape or currant they are excellent cake and batter fillers. Blueberry muffins for tea—and plenty of butter, don't forget—is a treat that must not be missed this high huckleberry month—and blueberry pancakes, too, have the same advantages.

It was a secretary of mine who had once Summered in Maine who told me first of blueberry ice cream. I didn't believe her at first—it seemed such a strange idea to push fresh raw fruits into frozen cream—but we tried it and I guarantee that the results are delicious.

And it was a Southern friend who passed on to me the recipe I include here for a Creole Berry Pudding which is a glorified fruit souffle—this can be made with blackberries or loganberries, too, as tasty and equally good. When you want a company dessert at little expense, just try this Creole fruit pudding.

And to can huckleberries is the very simplest A B C of all canning. Here is one way:

Canned Huckleberries—Steam and clean berries. Pack in sterilized jars. Put rubber and cap in position. Fill with boiling hot water or thin sugar syrup with grains of salt. Sterilize 12 minutes in any water-bath or wash-boiler outfit; or 10 minutes in a pressure cooker outfit. Remove jars and tighten covers. Invert to cool. Store in dry dark place.

For those who prefer the old-fashioned way, here is the method when using any "open kettle" on the top of the range:

Pick and wash berries. Place in an enamel kettle with enough water to prevent sticking. Simmer low fire, stirring occasionally, until soft. Add a few grains of salt and cinnamon, but no sugar. Pour into sterilised jars and seal.

The only way that a good jelly can be secured from these berries is to combine them with a tart fruit, preferably green or wild grapes. The unripe grapes will supply pectin or jellying agent and tang of flavor to make a very acceptable jelly indeed. I have seen an apple-huckleberry combination, but its flavor is not pleasing.

If you must buy your fruits at market—then don't overlook the lowly huckleberry this month and serve it frequently—always well chilled as a fresh fruit. Use it as pie filling—pudding and batter accessory. And if you are fortunate enough to be near a plentiful source of the right-from-the-bush fruit, then plan to can 10 or 20 quarts or more in an afternoon—to stand ready for next Winter's pantry shelves and help keep down the Winter food bills.

HUCKLEBERRY (CREOLE) PUDDING.

One quart picked berries, ¾-pound butter, ¾-pound powdered sugar, 1 pound weight spongecake, dry; 6 eggs. Simmer berries with a pinch of salt and cinnamon. Cream butter and sugar and add fruit with spongecake broken into fine crumbs. Mix well. Beat yolks and whites separately. Add beaten yolks to first mixture then fold in stiff whites. Pour into well buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Let cool; cover with meringue and brown. Serve very cold.

HUCKLEBERRY ICE CREAM.

Add two cups or more picked berries which have stood in sugar to any plain vanilla ice cream mixture when it is partially frozen and continue freezing hard. Slightly stewed berries toned up with salt may also be used.

HUCKLEBERRY MUFFINS.

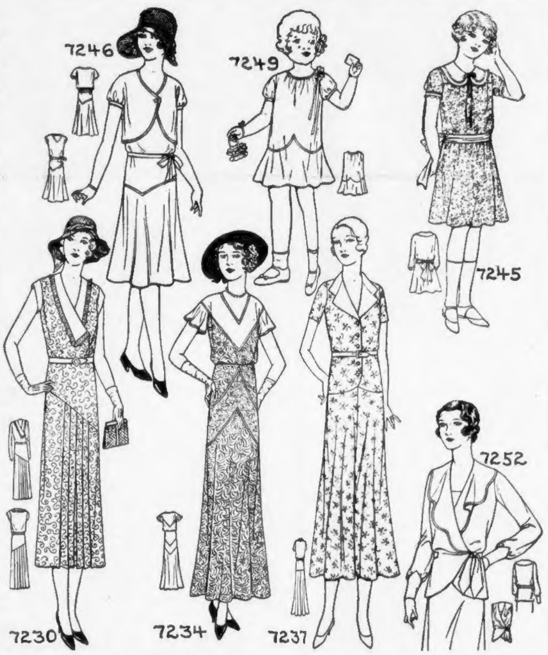
Three tablespoons butter, 3½ tablespoons sugar, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups flour sifted with 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Cream butter and sugar and combine with sifted flour, alternating with 1 cup rich milk. Beat batter full of bubbles. Add 1½ cups picked blueberries. Bake in well greased muffin tins 25 minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Apple Sauce, Poached Eggs on Toast, Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Broiled Bacon, New England Blueberry Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Foamy Omelet, Sauted Potatoes, Rolls or Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Broiled Calf's Liver, Hashed Potatoes, Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Raspberries, Cereal, German Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Broiled Tomatoes, Corn Bread, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Waffles, Fruit Sauce or Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon Russian Salad, Graham Bread, Sliced Peaches with Cream, Lemon Wafers, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Cream of Green Pea Soup, Croutons, Egg Salad, Rolls, Punch.	*Luncheon* Cold Lamb with Dressed Spinach and Mint Jelly, Hot Baking Powder Biscuits, Rhubarb and Banana Trifle.	*Luncheon* Cantaloupe, Creamed Dried Beef, Popovers, Shredded Cabbage with French Dressing, Hot or Iced Coffee or Punch.	*Luncheon* Omelet with Vegetables or Baked Macaroni, Bread and Butter, Bananas, Tea or Punch.	*Luncheon* Molded Fish Salad (Left-Over Fish), Garnish of Green Peas and Cucumber Cups, Baking Powder Rolls, Cantaloupe.	*Dinner (Cold)* Chicken Salad (Left-Over Chicken), Stuffed Eggs, Sweet Pickles, Potato Chips, Reheated Rolls, Ice Box Cake.
Dinner Veal Cutlets, Mashed Potatoes or Buttered Noodles, Buttered String Beans, Favorite Vegetable Salad, Steamed Apple Dumpling, Hard Sauce.	*Dinner* Fricassee of Lamb, Riced Paprika Potatoes, String Bean, Radish and Asparagus Salad, Peach Melba.	*Dinner* Rolled Stuffed Steak, Brown Gravy, Mashed Potatoes or Spaghetti, Raw Cabbage, Carrot and Green Pepper Salad, Pineapple Sherbet, Delicate Cake.	*Dinner* Lamb Chops, Potatoes, Apple Fritters, Favorite Green Vegetables, Chilled Caramel Bread Pudding with Cream.	*Dinner* Broiled Fish, Cucumber Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Spiced Beets, Fruit Cottage Pudding.	*Dinner (Company)* Boiled Chicken, Egg Sauce, Boiled Rice, Asparagus, Ginger Ale Salad, Wafers, Coffee.	*Supper* Luncheon Cheese, Toast, Radish Salad, Sour Milk Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce.

American Weekly Patterns



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A PRETTY FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS (7249). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size will require 1½ yards of 39-inch material if made with sleeves. Without sleeves, 1¼ yards. The ribbon rosette and ends will require 1¾ yards.

A DISTINCTIVE DESIGN (7230). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 35-inch material if made with cap extensions. If made with long sleeves, 5¼ yards. Contrasting material requires ¾ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise. The trimming on the collar requires 1¾ yards of plaiting.

A CHARMING DRESS FOR INFORMAL OCCASIONS (7234). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 1¼ yards of plain material and 2¾ yards of figured material 39 inches wide.

A PRACTICAL WORK PAJAMA GARMENT (7237). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 35-inch material if made as a two-piece garment. If as a one-piece garment, 4⅛ yards will be required. Contrasting material will require ⅝ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S DRESS (7245). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 35-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves, 2½ yards. Collar, cuffs and sash of contrasting material require ⅝ yard, cut crosswise.

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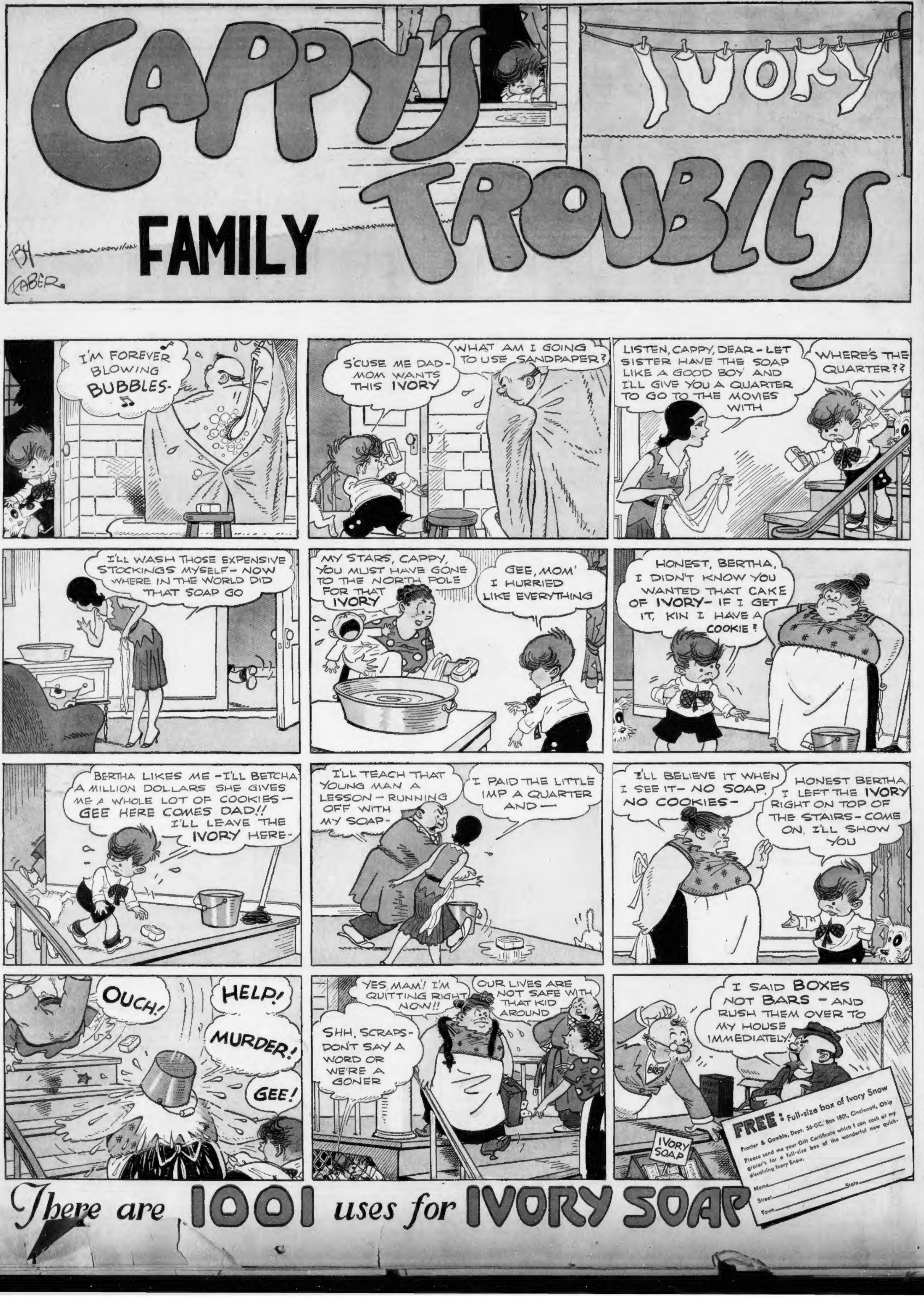
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S'CUSE ME DAD- MOM WANTS THIS IVORY
WHAT AM I GOING TO USE SANDPAPER?
LISTEN, CAPPY, DEAR - LET SISTER HAVE THE SOAP LIKE A GOOD BOY AND I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER TO GO TO THE MOVIES WITH
WHERE'S THE QUARTER??
I'LL WASH THOSE EXPENSIVE STOCKINGS MYSELF- NOW WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THAT SOAP GO
MY STARS, CAPPY, YOU MUST HAVE GONE TO THE NORTH POLE FOR THAT IVORY
GEE, MOM' I HURRIED LIKE EVERYTHING
HONEST, BERTHA, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WANTED THAT CAKE OF IVORY- IF I GET IT, KIN I HAVE A COOKIE?
BERTHA LIKES ME - I'LL BETCHA A MILLION DOLLARS SHE GIVES ME A WHOLE LOT OF COOKIES - GEE HERE COMES DAD!! I'LL LEAVE THE IVORY HERE-
I'LL TEACH THAT YOUNG MAN A LESSON - RUNNING OFF WITH MY SOAP-
I PAID THE LITTLE IMP A QUARTER AND —
I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT- NO SOAP, NO COOKIES-
HONEST BERTHA, I LEFT THE IVORY RIGHT ON TOP OF THE STAIRS - COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU
OUCH!
HELP!
MURDER!
GEE!
YES MAM! I'M QUITTING RIGHT NOW!!
OUR LIVES ARE NOT SAFE WITH THAT KID AROUND
SHH, SCRAPS- DON'T SAY A WORD OR WE'RE A GONER
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